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THE SCOVRGE OF *Villanie.*

Corrected, with the addition of newe Satyres.

Three Bookes of Satyres.

(***)

PERSIVS.

vvv Nec ſcombros metuentia carmina, nec thus.

AT LONDON,
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1443 2.7.7 *

To his most esteemed, and best beloued Selfe,

DAT. DEDICAT QVE.

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To *Detraction* I preſent my *Poeſie*.

FOule canker of faire vertuous action,
Vile blaſter of the freſheſt bloomes on earth,
Enuies abhorred child *Detraction*,
I heare expoſe, to thy all-taynting breath
The iſſue of my braine, ſnarle, raile, barke, bite,
Know that my ſpirit ſcornes *Detractions* ſpight.

Know that the *Genius*, which attendeth on,
And guides my powers intellectuall,
Holds in all vile repute *Detraction*,
My ſoule an eſſence metaphiſicall,
That in the baſeſt ſort ſcornes *Critickes* rage,
Becauſe he knowes his ſacred parentage.

To Detraction.

My ſpirit is not puft vp with fatte fume
Of ſlimie Ale, nor *Bacchus* heating grape.
My minde diſdaines the dungie muddy ſcum
Of abiect thoughts, and *Ennies* raging hate.
True iudgement, ſlight regards Opinion,
A ſprightly wit, diſdaines Detraction.

A partiall prayſe ſhall neuer eleuate
My ſetled cenſure, of mine owne eſteeme.
A cankered verdit of malignant Hate
Shall nere prouoke me, worſe my ſelfe to deeme.
Spight of deſpight, and rancors villanie,
I am my ſelfe, ſo is my poeſie.

In Lectores prorſus indgnos.

FY Satyre fie, ſhall each mechanick ſlaue,
Each dunghill peſant, free peruſall haue
Of thy well labor'd lines? Each ſattin ſute,
Each quaint faſhion-monger, vvhoſe ſole re-
Reſts in his trim gay clothes, lie ſlauering (pute
Taynting thy lines with his lewd cenſuring?
Shall each odde puiſne of the Lawyers Inne,
Each barmy-froth, that laſt day did beginne
To reade his little, or his *nere a whit*,
Or ſhall ſome greater auntient, of leſſe wit,
(That neuer turn'd but browne Tobacco leaues
Whoſe ſences ſome damn'd *Occupant* bereaues)
Lye gnawing on thy vacant times expence?
Tearing thy rimes, quite altering the ſence?
Or ſhall perfum'd *Caſtilio* cenſure thee?
Shall he oreview thy ſharpe-fang'd poeſie?
(Who nere read further then his Miſtris lips)
Nere practiz'd ought, but ſom ſpruce capring ſkips

In Lectores prorſus indignos.

Nere in his life did other language vſe,
But *Sweet Lady, faire Miſtres, kind hart, deere couſe*
Shall this *Fantaſma*, this *Coloſſe* peruſe
And blaſt with ſtinking breath, my budding Muſe
Fie, wilt thou make thy wit a Curtezan
For euery broking hand-crafts artizan?
Shall brainleſſe Cyterne heads, each iobernole,
Poket the very *Genius* of thy ſoule?
I *Phylo*, I, I'le keepe an open hall,
A common, and a ſumptuous feſtiuall,
Welcome all eyes, all eares, all tongues to me,
Gnaw peſants on my ſcraps of Poeſie.
Caſtilios, Cyprians, court-boyes, ſpaniſh blocks,
Ribanded eares, granado-netherſtocks,
Fidlers, Scriueners, pedlers, tynkering knaues,
Baſe blew-coats, tapſters, broad-cloth minded ſlaues
Welcome I-fayth, but may you nere depart,
Till I haue made your gauled hides to ſmart.

Your

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In Lectores prorſus indignos.

Your gauled hides? avaunt baſe muddy ſcum.
Thinke you a Satyres dreadfull ſounding drum
Will brace it ſelfe? and daine to terrefie,
Such abiect peſants baſeſt rogary?
No, no, paſſe on yevaine fantaſticke troupe
Of puffie youthes; Know I doe ſcorne to ſtoupe
To rip your liues. Then hence lewd nags, away,
Goe read each poſt, view what is plaid to day.
Then to *Priapus* gardens. You *Caſtilio*,
I pray thee let my lines in freedome goe,
Let me alone, the Madams call for thee,
Longing to laugh at thy wits pouerty.
Sirra, liuorie cloake, you lazie ſlipper ſlaue,
Thou fawning drudge, what would ſt thou Satyres haue?
Baſe mind away, thy maſter calls, begon,
Sweet *Gnato* let my poeſie alone.
Goe buy ſome ballad of the Faiery King,
And of the begger vvench, ſome rogie thing,

In Lectores prorſus indignos.

Which thou maiſt chaunt vnto the chamber-maid
To ſome vile tune, when that thy Maiſter's laid.
But will you needs ſtay? am I forc'd to beare,
The blaſting breath of each lewd Cenſurer?
Muſt naught but clothes, and images of men
But ſprigtles truncks, be Iudges of thy pen?
Nay then come all, I proſtitute my Muſe,
For all the ſwarme of Idiots to abuſe.
Reade all, view all, euen with my full conſent,
So you will know that which I neuer meant;
So you will nere conceiue, and yet diſpraiſe,
That which you nere conceiu'd, & laughter raiſe:
Where I but ſtriue in honeſt ſeriouſnes,
To ſcourge ſome foule-poluting beaſtlines.
So you will raile, and finde huge errors lurke
In euery corner of my Cynick worke.
Proface, reade on, for your extreamſt diſlikes
Will add a pineon, to my praiſes flights.

O,

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In Lectores prorſas indignos.

O, how I briſtle vp my plumes of pride,
O, how I thinke my Satyres dignifi'd,
When I once heare ſome quaint *Caſtilio*,
Some ſupple mouth'd ſlaue, ſome lewd *Tubrio*,
Some ſpruce pedant, or ſome ſpan-new come fry
Of Innes a-court, ſtriuing to vilefie
My dark reproofes. Then doe but raile at me,
No greater honor craues my poeſie.

1. But yee diuiner wits, celeſtiall ſoules,
Whoſe free-borne mindes no kennel thought controules,
Ye ſacred ſpirits, *Mayas* eldeſt ſonnes.

2. Yee ſubſtance of the ſhadowes of our age,
In whom all graces linke in marriage,
To you how cheerfully my Poem runnes.

In Lectores prorſus indignos.

3. True iudging eyes, quick ſighted cenſurers,
Heauens beſt beauties, wiſedoms treaſurers,
O how my loue embraceth your great worth.

4. Yee Idols of my ſoule, ye bleſſed ſpirits,
How ſhold I giue true honor to your merrits
Which I can better thinke, then here paint forth.

You ſacred ſpirits, *Maias* eldeſt ſonnes,
To you how cheerefully my poeme runnes.
O how my loue, embraceth your great worth,
Which I can better think, then here paint forth.

O rare!

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* To those that seeme iudiciall perusers.

KNow I hate to affect too much obscurity, & harshnes, because they profit no sence. To note vices, so that no man can vnderstand them, is as fond, as the French execution in picture. Yet there are some, (too many) that think nothing good, that is so curteous, as to come within their reach. Tearming all Satyres (bastard) which are not palpable darke, and so rough writ, that the hearing of them reade, would set a mans teeth on edge. For whose vnseasond pallate I wrote the first Satyre in some places too obscure, in all places mistaking me. Yet whe by some scuruy chance it shall come into the late perfumed fist of iudiciall *Torquatus*, (that like some rotten stick in a troubled water, hath gotten a great deale of barmy froth to stick to his sides) I know he will vouchsafe it, some of his new-minted Epithets, (as *Reall, Intrinsecate, Delphicke,*) when in my conscience he vnderstands not the least part of it. But from thence proceedes his iudgement. *Persius* is crabby, because antient, & his serks, (being perticulerly giuen to

priuate cuſtomes of his time) dusky. *Iuvenall* (vpon the like occaſion) ſeemes to our iudgement, gloomy. Yet both of them goe a good ſeemely pace, not ſtumbling, ſhuffling. *Chaucer* is hard euen to our vnderſtandings: who knowes not the reaſon? how much more thoſe old Satyres which expreſſe themſelues in terms, that breathed not long euen in theyr dayes. But had we then liued, the vnderſtanding of them had beene nothing hard. I will not deny there is a ſeemely decorum to be obſerued, and a peculier kinde of ſpeech for a Satyres lips, which I can willinglier conceaue, then dare to preſcribe; yet let me haue the ſubſtance rough, not the ſhadow. I cannot, nay I will not delude your ſight with miſts; yet I dare defend my plainnes gainſt the veriuyce-face, of the crabbed'ſt Satyriſt that euer ſtuttered. Hee that thinks worſe of my rimes then my ſelfe, I ſcorne him, for he cannot, he that thinks better, is a foole. So fauour mee *Good-Opinion*, as I am farre from being a *Suffenus*. If thou peruſeſt me with an vnpartiall eye, reade on, if otherwiſe, know I neither value thee, nor thy cenſure.

W. Kinſayder.

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PROEMIVM IN *librum primum.*

I Beare the ſcourge of iuſt *Rhammuſia*,
Laſhing the lewdnes of *Britannia*.
Let others ſing as their good *Genius* moues,
Of deepe deſignes, or elſe of clipping loues.
Faire fall them all, that with wits induſtry,
Doe cloath good ſubiects in true poeſie.
But as for me, my vexed thoughtfull ſoule,
Takes pleaſure, in diſpleaſing ſharp controule.
Thou nurſing Mother of faire wiſedoms lore,
Ingennous Melancholly, I implore
Thy graue aſſiſtance, take thy gloomy ſeate,
Inthrone thee in my blood; Let me intreate

Stay

Proemium in librum primum.

Stay his quicke iocond skips, and force him runne
A ſadde pac'd courſe, vntill my whips be done.
Daphne, vnclip thine armes from my ſad brow,
Blacke Cypreſſe crowne me whilſt I vp doe plow
The hidden entrailes of ranke villanie.
Tearing the vaile from damn'd impietie.
Quake guzzell dogs, that liue on putred ſlime,
Skud from the laſhes of my yerking rime.

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SATYRE. I.

Fronti nulla fides.

MArry God forfend, *Martius* ſwears he'le ſtab,
Phrigeo, feare not, thou art no lying drab.
What though dagger hack'd mouthes of his blade
It ſlew as many as figures of yeeres (ſweares
Aqua fortis eate in't, or as many more,
As methodiſt *Muſus*, kild with Hellebore
In autumne laſt, yet he beares the male lye
With as ſmooth calme, as *Mecho* riualrie.
How ill his ſhape, with inward forme doth fage,
Like *Aphrogenias* ill-yok'd marriage.
Fond Phyſiognomer, *Complexion*
Guides not the inward diſpoſition,
Inclines I yeeld. Thou ſayſt Law *Iulia*,
Or *Catoes* often curſt *Scatinia*
Can take no hold on ſimpring *Leſbia*;
True, not on her eye, yet Allom oft doth blaſt,
The ſprouting bud that faine would longer laſt.

Cary

Fronti nulla fides.

Chary *Casca*, right pure or *Rhodamus*,
Yet each night drinks in glasse Priapus.
Yon Pine is faire, yet foule doth it ill
To his owne sprouts, marke, his rank drops distill
Foule Naples canker in their tender rinde!
Woe worth when trees drop in their proper kinde!
Mystagogus, what meanes this prodigy?
When *Hiadolgo* speakes gainst vsury.
When *Verres* railes gainst thieues. *Mylo* doth hate
Murder, *Clodius* cuckolds, *Marius* the gate
Of squinting *Janus* shuts? runne beyond bound
Of *Nil vltra*, and hang me when on's found
Will be himselfe. Had Nature turn'd our eyes
Into our proper selues, these curious spies
Would be asham'd, *Flauia* would blush to flout
When *Oppia* calls *Lucina* helpe her out.
If she did thinke, *Lynceus* did know her ill,
How Nature, Art, how Art, doth Nature spill.

God

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Fronti nulla fides.

God pardon me, I often did auer
Quod gratis, grate, the Astronomer
An honest man, but I'le doe so no more,
His face deceau'd me; but now since his whore
And sister are all one, his honestie
Shall be as bare as his Anatomie,
To which he bound his vvife, ô packstaffe rimes!
vvhy not, when court of starrs shall see these crimes?
Rodds are in pisse, I for thee *Empericke*,
That twenty graines of *Opium* wilt not sticke
To minister to babes. Heer's bloody dayes,
When with plaine hearbes, *Mutius* more men slaies
Then ere third *Edwards* sword. Sooth in our age,
Mad *Coribantes* neede not to enrage
The peoples mindes. You *Ophiogine*
Of *Hellespont*, with vvrangling villanie
The swolne world's inly stung, then daine a touch,
If that your fingers can effect so much.

Thou

Fronti nulla fides.

Thou ſweet Arabian *Panchaia*,
Perfume this naſtie age, ſmugge *Leſbia*
Hath ſtinking lunges, although a ſimpring grace,
A muddy inſide, though a ſurphul'd face.
O for ſome deepe-ſearching *Corycean*,
To ferret out yon lewd *Cymedian*.
How now *Brutus*, what ſhape beſt pleaſeth thee?
All *Protean* formes, thy wife in venery
At thy inforcement takes; vvell goe thy way,
Shee may transforme thee ere thy dying day.
Huſh, *Gracchus* heares, that hath retaild more lyes,
Broched more ſlaunders, done more villames,
Then *Fabius* perpetuall golden coate
(Which might haue *Semper idem* for a mott)
Hath beene at feaſts, and led the meaſurme
At Court, and in each marriage reueling,
Writ *Palæphatus*, comment on thoſe dreames,
That *Hylus* takes, mid'ſt dung-pit reeking ſteames

Of

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Fronti nulla fides.

Of *Athas* hote houſe. Gramercie modeſt ſmyle.
Chremes a ſleepe. *Paphia*, ſport the while.
Lucia, new ſet thy ruffe, tut thou art pure,
Canſt thou not liſpe, *(good brother)* lopke demure?
Fye *Gallus*, vvhat, a Skeptick *Pyrrhoniſt*?
When chaſt *Dictinna*, breakes the Zonelike twiſt?
Tut, hang vp *Hieroglyphickes*. Ile not faine
Wreſting my humor, from his natiue ſtraine.

SATYRE. II.

Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

v v v-- Iuve.

I Cannot hold, I cannot I indure
To view a big womb'd foggie clowde immure
The radiant treſſes of the quickning ſunne.
Let Cuſtards quake, my rage muſt freely runne.

Preach

Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

Preach not the Stoickes patience to me,
I hate no man, but mens impietie.
My ſoule is vext, what power will th deſiſt?
Or dares to ſtop a ſharpe fang'd Satyriſt?
Who'le coole my rage? whole ſtay my itching fiſt,
But I will plague and torture whom I liſt?
If that the three-fold walls of Babilon
Should hedge my tongue, yet I ſhould raile vpon
This fuſtie world, that now dare put in vre
To make *IEHOVA* but a couerture,
To ſhade ranck filth, *looſe conſcience is free,*
From all conſcience, what els hath libertie?
As't pleaſe the Thracian Boreas to blow,
So turnes our ayerie conſcience, to, and fro.
What icye *Saturniſt*, what Northerne pate
But ſuch groſſe lewdnes would exaſperate?
I thinke the blind doth ſee, the flame God riſe
From ſiſters couch, each morning to the skies?

Glow-

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Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

Glowing vvith luſt. VValke but in duskie night,
With *Lynceus* eyes, and to thy piercing ſight
Diſguiſed Gods vvill ſhow, in peſants ſhape,
Preſt to commit ſome execrable rape.
Here *Iones* luſt pander, *Maias* iugling ſonne,
In clownes diſguiſe, doth after milk-maides runne.
And fore he'le looſe his brutiſh lechery,
The truls ſhall taſt ſweet Nectars ſurquedry.
There *Iunos* brat, forſakes *Neries* bed,
And like a ſwaggerer, luſt fiered,
Attended onely with his ſmockſworne page,
Pert *Gallus*, ſlilie ſlippes along, to wage
Tilting incounters, with ſome ſpurious ſeede
Of marrow pyes, and yawning Oyſtars breede.
O damn'd!
Who would not ſhake a Satyres knottie rod?
When to defile the ſacred ſeate of God

Is

Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

Is but accounted Gentlemens diſport?
To ſnort in filth, each hower to reſort
To brothell pits; alas a veniall crime,
Nay, royall, to be laſt in *thirtith* ſlime.
Ay me, hard world for Satyriſts beginne
To ſette vp ſhop, when no ſmall petty ſinne
Is left vnpurg'd, once to bee purſie fat
Had wont be cauſe that life did macerate.
Marry the iealous Queene of ayre doth frowne,
That Ganimede is vp, and Hebe downe.
Once *Albion* liu'd in ſuch a cruell age
That men did hold by ſeruile villenage. (borne,
Poore brats vvere ſlaues, of bond-men that vvere
And marted, ſold, but that rude law is torne,
And diſanuld, as too too inhumane,
That Lords ore peſants ſhould ſuch ſeruice ſtraine.
But now, (ſad change! the kennell ſincke of ſlaues,
Peſant great Lords, and ſeruile ſeruice craues.

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Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

Bondſlaues ſonnes had wont be bought & ſold,
But now *Heroes* heires (if they haue not told
A diſcreet number, fore theyr dad did die)
Are made much of, how much from merchandie?
Tail'd, and retail'd, till to the pedlers packe,
The fourth-hand ward-ware comes, alack, alack,
Would truth did know I lyed, but truth, and I,
Doe know that fence is borne to miſery.
Oh wold to God, this were their worſt miſchance,
vvere not theyr ſoules ſold to darke ignorance.
Faire goodnes is foule ill, if miſchiefes wit
Be not repreſt from lewd corrupting it.
O what dry braine mélts not ſharp muſtard rime
To purge the ſnottery of our ſlimie time?
Hence idle *Cave*, vengeance pricks me on,
When mart is made of fayre Religion,
Reform'd bald *Trebus* ſwore, in Romiſh quiere
He ſold Gods eſſence for a poore denier.

Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

The Egyptians adored Onions,
To Garlike yeelding all deuotions.
O happy Garlick, but thrice happy you,
Whoſe ſenting gods, in your large gardens grew.
Democritus, riſe from thy putrid ſlime
Sport at the madnes of that hotter clime.
Deride their frenzy, that for pollicie
Adore Wheate dough, as reall deitie.
Almighty men, that can their Maker make,
And force his ſacred body to forſake
The Cherubines, to be gnawne actually,
Deuiding *individuum*, really.
Making a ſcore of Gods with one poore word,
I, ſo I thought, in that you could afford,
So cheape a penny-worth. O ample fielde,
In which a Satyre may iuſt weapon weelde.
But I am vext, when ſwarmes of *Iulians*
Are ſtill manur'd by lewd Preciſians.

Who

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Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

Who ſcorning Church rites, take the ſimbole vp
As ſlouenly, as careleſſe Courtiers ſlup
Their mutton gruell. Fie, who can with-hold,
But muſt of force make his mild Muſe a ſcold?
When that he greeued ſees, with red vext eyes,
That Athence antient large immunities,
Are eye ſores to the fates; Poore cells forlorne!
Iſt not enough you are made an abiect ſcorne
To iering Apes, but muſt the ſhadow too
Of auncient ſubſtance, be thus wrung from you?
O ſplit my hart, leaſt it doe breake with rage
To ſee th'immodeſt looſenes of our age.
Immodeſt looſenes? fie too gentle word,
When euery ſigne can brothelry afford.
When luſt doth ſparkle from our females eyes
And modeſty is rouſted in the skyes.
Tell me *Galliottæ*, what meanes this ſigne
When impropriat gentiles will turne *Capuchine?*

Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

Sooner be damn'd. O ſtuffe Satyricall?
vvhen rapine feedes our pomp, pomp ripes our fall.
When the gueſt trembles at his hoſts ſwart looke,
The ſonne, doth feare his ſtepdame, that hath tooke
His mothers place for luſt, the twin-borne brother
Malinges his mate, that firſt came from his mother.
When to be huge, is to be deadly ſicke,
When vertuous peſants, will not ſpare to lick
The deuils tayle for poore promotion.
When for neglect, ſlubbred *Deuotion*
Is wan with greefe. When *Ruſus*, yawnes for death
Of him that gaue him vndeſerued breath.
When *Hermus* makes a worthy queſtion,
Whether of *Wright*, as *Paraphonalion*
A ſiluer piſpot fits his Lady dame?
Or i'ſt too good? a pewter beſt became.
When *Agrippina* poyſons *Claudius* ſonne,
That all the world to her own brat might run.

vvhen

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whē the husband, gapes that his ſtale wife wold die,
That he might once be in by *curteſie*. (death
The big paunch'd wife, longs for her loth'd mates
That ſhe might haue more ioyntures here on earth.
When tenure for ſhort yeeres, (by many a one)
Is thought right good be turn'd forth *Littleton*,
All to be *headdue*, or *free-hold* at leaſt,
When tis all one, for long life be a beaſt,
A ſlaue, as haue a ſhort term'd tenancie
vvhen dead's the ſtrength of Englands yeomanrie,
When invndation of luxurioufnes,
Fatts all the vvorld vvith ſuch groſſe beaſtlines.
Who can abſtaine? what modeſt braine can hold,
But he muſt make his ſhamefac'd Muſe a ſcold?

SATYRE. III.

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

IT's good be warie whilſt the ſunne ſhines cleere
(Quoth that old chuffe that may diſpend by yere
Three thouſand pound) whilſt hee of good pre-
Cõmits himſelfe to Fleet to ſaue expence. (tence
No Countries Chriſtmas: rather tarry heere,
The Fleet is cheap, the Country hall too deere.
But *Codrus*, harke, the world expects to ſee
Thy baſtard heire rotte there in miſery.
What? vvill *Luxurio* keepe ſo great a hall
That he will proue a baſtard in his fall?
No, *come on ſiue, S. George, by heaueu at all,*
Makes his cataſtrophe, right tragicall;
At all, till nothing's left, *Come on*, till all comes off,
I haire and all, *Luxurio*, left a ſcoffe
To leaprous filths: ô ſtay, thou impious ſlaue,
Teare not the lead from off thy Fathers graue,

To

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Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

To stop base brokage, sell not thy fathers sheete,
His leaden sheete, that strangers eyes may greete
Both putrefaction of thy greedy Sire,
And thy abhorred viperous desire.
But wilt thou needs, shall thy Dads lacky brat
Weare thy Sires halfe-rot finger in his hat?
Nay then *Luxurio* waste in obloquy,
And I shall sport to heare thee faintly cry,
A die, a drab, and filthy broking knaues,
Are the worlds wide mouthes, all deuouring graues.
Yet *Samus* keepes a right good house I heare;
No, it keepes him, and free'th him from chill feare
Of shaking fitts; How then shall his smug wench,
How shall her bawd, (fit time) assist her quench
Her sanguine heate? *Linceus*, canst thou sent?
Shee hath her Monkey, & her instrument
Smooth fram'd at *Vitrio*. O greeuous misery!
Luscus hath left her female luxury.

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

I, it left him; No, his old Cynick Dad
Hath forc'd him cleane forsake his Pickhatch drab.
Alack, alack, vvhat peece of lustfull flesh
Hath *Luscus* left, his *Priape* to redresse?
Grieue not good soule, he hath his *Ganimede*,
His perfum'd she-goat, smooth kembd & high fed.
At Hogsdon now his monstrous lust he feasts,
For there he keepes a baudy-house of beasts.
Paphus, let *Luscus* haue his Curtezan,
Or we shall haue a monster of a man.
Tut, *Paphus* now detaines him from that bower,
And claspes him close within his brick-built tower.
Diogenes, th'art damn'd for thy lewd wit,
For *Luscus* now hath skill to practise it.
Fayth, what cares he for faire *Cynedian* boyes?
Veluet cap'd Goates, duch Mares? tut cõmon toies.
Detaine them all, on this condition
He may but vse the Cynick friction.

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Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

O now yee male ſtewes, I can giue pretence
For your luxurious incontinence.
Hence, hence, yee falſed, ſeeming, Patriotes,
Returne not vvith pretence of ſaluing ſpots,
When here yee ſoyle vs with impuritie,
And monſtrous filth of Doway ſeminary.
What though *Iberia* yeeld you liberty,
To ſnort in ſource of Sodome vilanie?
VVhat though the bloomes of young nobilitie,
Committed to your *Rodons* cuſtodie,
Yee *Nero* like abuſe? yet nere approch,
Your new S. *Homers* lewdnes heere to broch;
Taynting our Townes, and hopefull Accademes,
With your luſt-bating moſt abhorred meanes.
Valladolid, our Athence gins to taſt
Of thy ranck filth, Camphire and Lettuce chaſt,
Are cleane caſheird, now *Sophi* Ringoes eate,
Candid Potatoes, are Athenians meate.

Hence

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

Hence Holy-thistle, come sweet marrow pie,
Inflame our backs, to itching luxurie.
A Crabs bak'd guts, a Lobsters butterd thigh,
I heare them sweare is blood for venerie.
Had I some snout faire brats, they should indure
The new found *Castilian* callenture,
Before some pedant Tutor in his bed
Should vse my frie, like Phrigian *Ganimede*.
Nay then chast cells, when greasie *Aretine*,
For his ranck *Fico*, is sirnam'd diuine:
Nay then come all yee veniall scapes to me,
I dare well warrant you'le absolued be.
Rufus, I'le terme thee but intemperate,
I will not once thy vice exaggerate,
Though that each howre thou lewdly swaggerest,
And all the quarter day, pay'st interest
For the forbearance of thy chalked score.
Though that thou keep'st a tally with thy whore.

Since

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Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

Since *Nero* keepes his mother *Agrippine*,
And no ſtrange luſt can ſatiate *Meſſaline*,
Tullus goe ſcotfree, though thou often bragg'ſt
That for a *falſe French-crowne*, thou vaulting hadſt,
Though that thou know'ſt for thy incontinence
Thy drab repayd thee, *true French peſtilence*.
But tuſh, his boaſt I beare, vvhen *Tegeran*
Brags that hee foyſts his rotten Curtezan
Vpon his heire, that muſt haue all his lands:
And them hath ioyn'd in *Hymens* ſacred bands.
Ile wincke at *Robrus*, that for vicenage
Enters commen, on his next neighbors ſtage,
When *Ioue* maintaines his ſiſter and his whore;
And ſhe inceſtuous, iealous euermore,
Leaſt that *Europa* on the Bull ſhould ride:
Woe worth when beaſts for filth are deified!
Alacke poore rogues, what Cenſor interdicts
The veniall ſcapes of him that purſes picks?

When

Redde, age, quæ incepsti.

VVhen ſome ſlie golden-ſlopt *Caſtilio*
Can cut a manors ſtrings at Primero?
Or with a pawne, ſhall giue a Lordſhip mate.
In ſtatute ſtaple chaining faſt his ſtate?
What Academicke ſtarued Satyriſt
Would gnaw rez'd Bacon, or with inke black fiſt
would toſſe each muck-heap for ſom outcaſt ſcraps
Of halfe-dung bones to ſtop his yawning chaps?
Or with a hungry hollow halfe pin'd iaw (gnaw
VVould once a thrice-turn'd bone-pick'd ſubiect
When ſwarmes of Mountebancks, & Bandeti
Damn'd Briareans, ſincks of villanie,
Factors for lewdnes, brokers for the deuill,
Infect our ſoules with all polluting euill.
Shal *Lucea* ſcorne her husbands luke-warme bed?
(Becauſe her pleaſure being hurried
In ioulting Coach, with glaſſie inſtrument,
Doth farre exceede the *Paphian* blandiſhment)
Whilſt

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Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

Whilſt I (like to ſome mute *Pythagoran*)
Halter my hate, and ceaſe to curſe and ban
Such brutiſh filth? Shall *Matho* raiſe his name,
By printing pamphlets in anothers name,
And in them praiſe himſelfe, his wit, his might.
All to be deem'd his Countries Lanthorne light?
Whilſt my tongue's ty'de with bonds of bluſhing (ſhame
For feare of broching my concealed name? Shall *Balbus*, the demure Athenian,
Dreame of the death of next *Vicarian*?
Caſt his natiuity? marke his complexion?
Waigh well his bodies weake condition?
That with guilt ſleight he may be ſure to get
The Planets place, when his dim ſhine ſhall ſet?
Shall *Curio* ſtreake his limbs on his dayes couch,
In Sommer bower? and with bare groping touch
Incenſe his luſt, conſuming all the yeere
In *Cyprian* dalliance, and in *Belgick* cheere?

Shall

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

Shall *Faunus* ſpend a hundred gallions,
Of Goates pure milke, to laue his ſtallions,
As much Roſe iuyce? O bath! ô royall, ritch
To ſcower *Faunus*, and his ſalt proude bitch;
And when all's cleanſd, ſhal the ſlaues inſide ſtincke
worſe thē the new caſt ſlime of *Thames* ebd brink?
Whilſt I ſecurely let him ouer-ſlip?
Nere yerking him with my Satyricke whyp?
Shall *Criſpus* vvith hipocriſie beguile,
Holding a candle to ſome fiend a while?
Now Iew, then Turke, then ſeeming Chriſtian,
Then Athieſt, Papiſt, and ſtraight Puritan,
Now nothing, any thing, euen what you liſt,
So that ſome guilt may greaſe his greedy fiſt?
Shall *Damas* vſe his third-hand ward as ill
As any iade that tuggeth in the mill?
What, ſhall law, nature, vertue, be reiected,
Shall theſe world Arteries be ſoule infected,

With

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Redde, age, quæ deinceps ricisti.

With corrupt blood? Whilſt I ſhal *Martia* taske?
Or ſome young *Villius*, all in choller aske,
How he can keepe a lazie wayting man,
And buy a hoode, and ſiluer-handled fan
With fortie pound? Or ſnarle at *Lollios* ſonne?
That with induſtrious paines hath harder wonne
His true got worſhip, and his gentries name
Then any Swine-heards brat, that louſie came
To luskiſh Athence, and with farming pots,
Compiling beds, and ſcouring greaſie ſpots,
By chaunce (when he can like taught Parrat cry
Deerely belou'd, vvith ſimpering grauitie)
Hath got the Farme of ſome gelt Vicary,
And now on cock-horſe, gallops iollilie;
Tickling with ſome ſtolne ſtuffe his ſenceleſſe cure,
Belching lewd termes gainſt all ſound littrature.
Shall I with ſhaddowes fight? taske bitterly
Romes filth? ſcraping baſe channell rogarie?

Whilſt

Redde, age, quæ deinceps ricisti.

Whilſt ſuch huge Gyants ſhall affright our eyes
With execrable, damn'd impieties?
Shall I finde trading *Mecho*, neuer loath
Frankly to take a damning periur'd oath?.
Shall *Furia* broke her ſiſters modeſty,
And proſtitute her ſoule to brothelry?
Shall *Coſſus* make his well-fac'd wife a ſtale,
To yeeld his braided ware a quicker ſale? ſtocks
Shall cock-horſe, fat-paunch'd *Milo* ſtaine whole
Of well borne ſoules, with his adultering ſpots?
Shall broking pandars ſucke Nobility?
Soyling faire ſtems with foule impurity?
Nay, ſhall a trencher ſlaue extenuate,
Some *Lucrece* rape? and ſtraight magnificate
Lewd *Iouian* luſt? Whilſt my ſatyrick vaine
Shall muzled be, not daring out to ſtraine
His tearing paw? No gloomy *Iuvenall*,
Though to thy fortunes I diſaſtrous fall.

SA-

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SATYRE. IIII.

CRAS.

IMarry Sir, here's perfect honeſty:
When *Martius* will forſweare all villany:
(All damn'd abuſe, of payment in the warres
All filching from his Prince, and Souldiers)
When once he can but ſo much bright durt gleane,
As may mainetaine, one more White-friers queane.
One drab more, faith then farewell villany,
He'le cleanſe himſelfe to Shoredith purity.
As for *Stadius*, I thinke he hath a ſoule,
And if he were but free from ſharpe controule
Of his ſower hoſt, and from his Taylors bill,
He would not thus abuſe his riming skill,
Iading our tyred eares with fooleries,
Greaſing great ſlaues, with oylie flatteries,
Good faith I think, he would not ſtriue to ſute
The back of humorous Time, (for baſe repute

CRAS.

Mong dunghill peſants) botching vp ſuch ware,
As may be ſalable in Sturbridge fare.
If he were once but freed from ſpecialty,
But ſooth, till then, beare with his balladry.
I ask'd lewd *Gallus* when he'le ceaſe to ſweare,
And with whole culuering raging othes to teare
The vault of heauen, ſpetting in the eyes
Of natures Nature, lothſome blaſphemies.
To morrow he doth vow he will forbeare:
Next day I meete him, but I heare him ſweare
Worſe then before, I put his vow in minde,
He aunſwers me, *to morrow*, but I finde
He ſweares next day, farre worſe then ere before:
Putting me of with (*morrow*) euermore.
Thus when I vrge him, with his ſophiſtrie
He thinks to ſalue his damned periurie.
Sylenus now is old, I wonder I
He doth not hate his triple venerie,

Cold,

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CRAS.

Cold, writhled Eld, his liues-wet almoſt ſpent,
Me thinks a vnity were competent:
But ô faire hopes! He whiſpers ſecretly,
When it leaues him, he'le leaue his lechery.
When ſimpring *Flaccus* (that demurely goes
Right neatly tripping on his new blackt toes)
Hath made rich vſe of his Religion,
Of God himſelfe, in pure deuotion:
When that the ſtrange *Ideas* in his head
(Broched mongſt curious ſots, by ſhaddowes led)
Hath furniſh'd him, by his hote auditors
Of faire demeanes, and goodly rich mannors,
Sooth then he will repent, when's treaſury
Shall force him to diſclaime his hereſie.
What will not poore neede force? but being ſped,
God for vs all, the gurmonds paunch is fed.
His mind is chang'd, but when will he doe good?
To morrow, (*I, to morrow by the rood.*)

Yet *Ruſcus* ſweares, he'le ceaſe to broke a ſute:
By peaſant meanes ſtriuing to get repute
Mong puffie Spunges, when the Fleet's defrayd
His reuell tier, and his Laundreſſe payd.
There is a crew which I too plaine could name
If ſo I might without th' *Aqumans* blame,
That lick the tayle of greatnes with their lips:
Laboring with third-hand ieſts, and Apiſh skips,
Retayling others wit, long barrelled
To glib ſome great mans eares, till panch be fed,
Glad if themſelues, as ſporting fooles be made,
To get the ſhelter of ſome high-growne ſhade.
To morrow yet theſe baſe tricks thei'le caſt off,
And ceaſe for lucar be a iering ſcoffe.
Ruſcus will leaue, whence once he can renue
His waſted clothes, that are aſham'd to view
The worlds proud eyes. *Druſus* will ceaſe to fawne
vvhen that his Farme, that leakes in melting pawne

Some

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CRAS.

Some Lord-applauded ieſt hath once ſet free.
All will *to morrow* leaue their roguerie.
When fox-furd *Mecho* (by damn'd vſury,
Cutthrote deceit, and his crafts villany)
Hath rak'd together ſome foure thouſand pound,
To make his ſmug gurle, beare a bumming ſound
In a young merchants eare, faith then (may be)
He'le ponder if there be Deitie?
Thinking, if to the parriſh pouerty,
At his wiſht death, be dol'd a halfe-penny,
A worke of Supererogation,
A good filth-cleanſing ſtrong purgation.
Aulus will leaue begging Monopolies,
When that mong troopes of gaudy Butter-flies,
He is but able iet it iollily,
In pie-bauld ſutes of proud Court brauery.
To morrow doth *Luxurio* promiſe me,
He will vnline himſelfe from bitcherie.

CRAS.

Marry *Alcides* thirteenth act muſt lend
A glorious period, and his luſt-itch end.
When once he hath froth-foming Ætna paſt
At one and thirty being alwayes laſt.
If not to *Day* (quoth that *Naſonian*)
Much leſſe *to morrowe*, Yes ſaith *Fabian*,
For ingrain'd Habites, *died with often dips,*
Are not ſo ſoone diſcoloured, young ſlips
New ſet, are eaſily mou'd, and pluck'd away,
But elder rootes, clip faſter in the clay.
I ſmile at thee, and at the Stagerite,
Who holds the liking of the appetite,
Being fed with actions often put in vre
Hatcheth the ſoule, in quality impure,
Or pure. May be in vertue, but for vice,
That comes by inſpiration, with a trice
Young *Furius* ſcarce fifteene yeres of age
But is ſtraight-wayes, right fit for mariage

Vnto

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CRAS.

Vnto the deuill, for ſure they would agree,
Betwixt their ſoules there is ſuch ſympathie,
O where's your ſweaty habite, when each Ape,
That can but ſpy the ſhadow of his ſhape,
That can no ſooner ken what's vertuous,
But will auoyd it, and be vicious.
Without much doe, or farre fetch'd habiture
In earneſt thus, *It is a ſacred cure*
To ſalue the ſoules dread wounds; Omnipotent
That Nature is, that cures the impotent,
Euen in a moment; Sure Grace is infus'd
By diuine fauour, not by actions vs'd.
Which is as perminent as heauens bliſſe
To them that haue it, then no habite is.
To morrow, nay, to day, it may be got:
So pleaſe that gracious Power clenſe thy ſpot.
Vice, from priuation of that ſacred Grace,
which God with-drawes, but puts not vice in place.

Who

CRAS.

Who ſayes the ſunne is cauſe of vgly night?
Yet when he vailes our eyes from his faire ſight,
The gloomy curtaine of the night is ſpred.
Yee curious ſotts, vainly by Nature led,
Where is your vice or vertuous habite now?
For *Suſtine pro nunc* doth bend his brow,
And old crabb'd *Scotus* on th'organon
Pay'th me with ſnaphaunce, quick diſtinction,
Habites that intellectuall termed be,
Are got, or elſe infus'd from Deitie.
Dull Sorboniſt, flie contradiction.
Fie, thou oppung'ſt the definition.
If one ſhould ſay, *Of things term'd rationall,*
Some reaſon haue, others meere ſenſuall.
Would not ſome freſhman reading *Porphirie,*
Hiſſe, and deride ſuch blockiſh foolerie?
Then vice nor vertue haue from habite place,
The one from want, the other ſacred grace.

Infus'd

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CRAS.

Infus'd, displac'd, not in our will or force,
But as it pleaſe Iehoua *haue remorce.*
I will, cries *Zeno,* ô preſumption!
I can, thou maiſt, dogged oppinion
Of thwarting Cynicks. To day vicious,
Liſt to their precepts, next day vertuous.
Peace *Seneca,* thou belcheſt blaſphemy.
To liue from God, but to liue happily
(I heare thee boaſt,) *from thy Philoſophy,*
And from thy ſelfe, ô rauening lunacy!
Cynicks, yee wound your ſelues, for Deſteny
Ineuitable Fate, Neceſsity,
You hold doth ſway the acts ſpirituall,
As well as parts of that we mortall call,
Wher's then (*I will?*) vvher's that ſtrong Deity,
You doe aſcribe to your Philoſophy?
Confounded Natures brats, can *will* and *Fate,*
Haue both their ſeate, & office in your pate?

CRAS.

O hidden depth of that dread Secrecie,
Which I doe trembling touch in poetrie!
To day, to day, implore obſequiouſly,
Truſt not *to morrowes will*, leaſt vtterly
Yee be attach'd with ſad confuſion,
In your Grace-tempting lewd preſumption.
But I forget; why ſweat I out my braine,
In deepe deſignes, to gay boyes lewd, and vaine?
Theſe notes were better ſung, mong better ſort,
But to my pamphlet, few ſaue fooles reſort.

Libri primi, finis.

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SATY:
Liber ſecundus.

Proemium in librum ſecundum.

I Cannot quote a mott Italionate.
Or brand my Satyres with ſom Spaniſh terme.
I cannot with ſwolne lines magnificate,
Mine owne poore worth, or as immaculate
Task others rimes, as if no blot did ſtaine,
No blemiſh ſoyle, my young Satyrick vaine.

Nor can I make my ſoule a merchandize,
Seeking conceits to ſute theſe Artleſſe times.
Ordaine for baſe reward to poetize:
Soothing the vvorld, with oylie flatteries.
Shall mercenary thoughts prouoke me write?
Shall I for lucre be a Paraſite?

Shall I once pen for vulgar ſorts applauſe?
To pleaſe each hound? each dungie Scauenger?
To fit ſome Oyſter-wenches yawning iawes?
With trickſey tales of ſpeaking Corniſh dawes?

First

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Proemium in librum ſecundum.

Firſt let my braine (bright hair'd *Latonas* ſonne)
Be cleane diſtract with all confuſion.

VVhat though ſome *Iohn-à-ſtile* will baſely toyle,
Onely incited with the hope of gaine, (Moile
Though roguie thoughts doe force ſome iade-lyke
Yet no ſuch filth my true-borne Muſe will ſoyle.
O *Epictetus*, I doe honour thee,
To thinke how rich thou wert in pouertie.

Ad Rithmum.

COme pretty pleaſing ſymphonie of word,
Yee wel-match'd twins (whoſe like-tun'd tongs
Such muſicall delight,) come willingly (affords
And daunce *Leuoltoes* in my poeſie.

Come

Ad Rithmum.

Come all as eaſie, as ſpruce *Curio* vvill,
In ſome court hall to ſhowe his capring skill.
As willingly come meete & iumpe together,
As new ioyn'd loues, when they do clip each other.
As willingly, as vvenches trip a round,
About a May-pole, after bagpipes ſound.
Come riming numbers, come and grace conceite,
Adding a pleaſing cloſe, with your deceit
Inticing eares. Let not my ruder hand
Seeme once to force you in my lines to ſtand,
Be not ſo fearefull (pretty ſoules) to meete,
As *Flaccus* is the Sergiants face to greete.
Be not ſo backward loth to grace my ſence,
As *Druſus* is, to haue intelligence
His Dad's aliue; but come into my head
As iocondly, as (when his wife was dead)
Young *Lelius* to his home. Come like-fac'd rime,
In tunefull numbers keeping muſicks time.

But

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Ad Rithmum.

But if you hange an arſe, like *Tubered*,
When *Chremes* dragg'd him from his brothell bed,
Then hence baſe ballad ſtuffe, my poetry
Diſclaimes you quite, for know my libertie
Scornes riming lawes; Alas poore idle ſound,
Since I firſt *Phœbus* knew, I neuer found
Thy intereſt in ſacred poeſie.
Thou to Invention add'ſt but ſurquedry,
A gaudie ornature, but haſt no part,
In that ſoule-pleaſing high infuſed art.
Then if thou wilt clip kindly in my lines,
Welcome thou friendly ayde of my deſignes.
If not? No title of my ſenceleſſe change
To wreſt ſome forced rime, but freely range.
Yee ſcrupulous obſeruers, goe & learne
Of *Æſops* dogge; meate from a ſhade diſcerne.

SATYRE. V.

♂ ☿

Totum in toto.

HAnge thy ſelfe *Druſus*, haſt nor arms nor brain?
Some Sophy ſay, *The Gods ſell all for paine.*
Not ſo.
Had not that toyling Thebans ſteled back
Dread poyſned ſhafts, liu'd he now, he ſhould lack.
Spight of his farming Oxe-ſtaules. *Themis* ſelfe
Would be caſheir'd from one poore ſcrap of pelfe.
If that ſhe were incarnate in our time
Shee might luske ſcorned in diſdained ſlime,
Shaded from honour by ſome enuious miſt
Of vvatry fogges, that fill the ill-ſtuft liſt
Of faire Deſert, iclous euen of blind darke,
Leaſt it ſhould ſpie, and at theyr lamenes barke.
Honors ſhade, thruſts honours ſubſtance frõ his place.
Tis ſtrange, when ſhade the ſubſtance can diſgrace.

Harſh

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Totum in toto.

Harſh lines cries *Curus*, whoſe eares nere reioyce
But at the quauering of my Ladies voyce.
Rude limping lines fits this lewd halting age,
Sweet ſenting *Curus*, pardon then my rage,
When wiſards ſweare plaine vertue neuer thriues,
None but *Priapus* by plaine dealing wiues.
Thou ſubtile *Hermes*, are the Deſtinies
Enamor'd on thee? then vp mount the skies.
Aduance, depoſe, doe euen what thou liſt,
So long as Fates doe grace thy iugling fiſt.
Tuſcus, haſt *Beuclarkes* armes and ſtrong ſinewes,
Large reach, full fed vaines, ample reuenewes?
Then make thy markets by thy proper arme,
O, brawny ſtrength is an all-canning charme!
Thou dreadleſſe *Thracian*, haſt *Hallirrhotius* ſlaine?
What? iſt not poſſible thy cauſe maintaine
Before the dozen *Areopagites*?
Come *Enagonian*, furniſh him with ſlights.

Totum in Toto.

Tut, *Plutos* wrath, *Proserpina* can melt,
So that thy sacrifice be freely felt.
What cannot *Iuno* force in bed with *Ioue*?
Turne and returne a sentence with her loue.
Thou art too dusky. Fie thou shallow Asse,
Put on more eyes, and marke me as I passe.
Well plainly thus, *Sleight, Force, are mighty things,*
From which much, (if not most) earths glory springs.
If Vertues selfe, were clad in humane shape,
Vertue without these, might goe beg and scrape.
The naked truth is, a well clothed lie,
A nimble quick-pate mounts to dignitie.
By force or fraude that matters not a iot,
So massie wealth may fall vnto thy lot.
I heard old *Albius* sweare, *Flavius* should haue
His eldest gurle, for *Flavius* was a knaue.
A damn'd deep-reaching villaine, & would mount
He durst well warrant him to great account.

What

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What though he laid forth all his ſtock & ſtore
Vpon ſome office, yet he'le gaine much more,
Though purchaſt deere. Tut, he will trebble it
In ſome few termes, by his extorting wit.
When I in ſimple meaning went to ſeeke
For tong-tide *Damus*, that would needs goe wooe,
I prayſd him for his vertue, honeſt life,
By God, cryes *Flora*, Ile not be his wife.
He'le nere come on. Now I ſweare ſolemnly,
When I goe next, I'le praiſe his villany.
A better field to range in now a dayes,
If vice be vertue, I can all men prayſe.
What though pale *Maurus* paid huge ſymonies
For his halfe-dozen gelded vicaries.
Yet with good honeſt cut-throate vſury,
I feare he'le mount to reuerent dignity.
O ſleight! all-cauning ſleight! all-damning ſleight!
The onely gally-ladder vnto might.

Totum in Toto.

Tuſcus is trade falne, yet great hope he'le riſe,
For now he makes no count of periuries.
Hath drawne falſe lights from pitch-black loueries,
Glaſed his braided ware. Cogs, ſweares, and lies,
Now ſince he hath the grace, thus graceleſſe be
His neighbors ſweare, he'le ſwell with treaſurie.
Tut who maintaines, ſuch goods ill got, decay.
No, they'le ſtick by thy ſoule, they'le nere away.
Luſcus my Lords perfumer had no ſale
Vntill he made his wife a brothell ſtale.
Abſurd, the gods ſell all for induſtry?
When, what's not got by hell-bred villany?
Codrus my well-fac'd Ladies taile-bearer,
(He that ſome-times play'th *Flauius* vſherer)
I heard one day complaine to *Linceus*,
How vigilant, how right obſequious
Modeſt in carriage, how true in truſt,
And yet (alas) nere guerdond with a cruſt.

But

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But now I ſee, he findes by his accounts
That ſole Priapus *by plaine dealing mounts.*
How now? what droupes the new *Pegaſian* Inne?
I feare mine hoſt is honeſt. Tut, beginne
To ſet vp whore-houſe. Nere too late to thriue
By any meanes at *Porta Rich*'ariue;
Goe vſe ſome ſleight, or liue poore *Irus* life,
Straight proſtitute thy daughter, or thy wife.
And ſoone be wealthy, but be damn'd with it,
Hath not rich *Mylo* then deepe reaching wit?

Faire age!
When tis a high, and hard thing t'haue repute
Of a compleat villaine, perfect, abſolute,
And roguing vertue brings a man defame.
A packſtaffe Epethite, and ſcorned name.
Fie how my wit flaggs, how heauily
Me thinks I vent dull ſprightleſſe poeſie.

Totum in toto.

What cold black froſt congeales my numned brain?
What enuious power ſtops a Satyres vaine?
O now I know, the iugling God of ſleights,
With *Caduceus* nimble *Hermes* ſights,
And miſts my wit. Offended that my rimes
Diſplay his odious, world-abuſing crimes.
O be propitious, powerfull God of Arts,
I ſheathe my weapons, and doe breake my darts,
Be then appeas'd, Ile offer to thy ſhrine,
An *Hecatombe*, of many ſpotted kine.
Myriades of beaſts ſhall ſatisfie thy rage,
Which doe prophane thee in this Apiſh age.
Infectious blood, yee gouty humors quake
Whilſt my ſharp Razor doth inciſion make.

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SATIRE. VI.

Hem, nosti'n.

Curio, know'st me? why thou bottle-ale,
Thou barmy froth! O stay me, least I raile
Beyond *Nil ultra*, to see this butterfly,
This windy bubble taske my balladry
With scheeleſſe cenſure. *Curio*, know'ſt my ſpright?
Yet deem'ſt that in ſad ſeriouſnes I write
Such naſty ſtuffe as is *Pigmalion*?
Such maggot-tainted lewd corruption?
Ha, now he glaues with his fawning ſnowt,
And ſwears, he thought, I meant but faintly ſlowt,
My fine ſmug rime. O barbarous dropſie moule!
Think'ſt thou that *Genius* that attends my ſoule,
And guides my fiſt to ſcourge *Magnificoes*
Will daigne my mind be ranck'd in *Paphian* ſhowes?
Think'ſt thou, that I, which was create to whip
Incarnate fiends, will once vouchſafe to trip

Hem noſti'n.

A Paunis trauerſe? or will liſpe (*ſweet loue*)
Or pule (*Aye me*) ſome female ſoule to moue?
Think'ſt thou, that I in melting poeſie
Will pamper itching ſenſualitie?
(*That in the bodies ſcumme all fatally*
Intombes the ſoules moſt ſacred facultie.)
Hence thou miſiudging Cenſor, know I wrot
Thoſe idle rimes to note the odious ſpot
And blemiſh that deformes the lineaments
Of moderne Poeſies habiliments.
Oh that the beauties of Invention,
For want of Iudgements diſpoſition
Should all be foyl'd, ô that ſuch treaſurie,
Such ſtraines of well-conceited poeſie,
Should moulded be, in ſuch a ſhapeleſſe forme,
That want of Art, ſhould make ſuch wit a ſcorne.
Here's one muſt invocate ſome loſe-legd Dame,
Some brothel drab, to helpe him ſtanzaes frame,

Or

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Or els (alas) his wits can haue no vent
To broch conceits induſtrious intent.
Another yet dares tremblingly come out,
But firſt he muſt invoke good *Colin Clout.*
Yon's one hath yean'd a fearefull prodigie,
Some monſtrous miſhapen Balladry,
His guts are in his braines, huge Iobbernoule,
Right Gurnets-head, the reſt without all ſoule.
Another walkes, is lazie, lies hym downe, (crowne
Thinkes, reades, at length ſome wonted ſleep doth
His new ſalne lids, dreames, ſtraight tenne pound to
Out ſteps ſome Fayery with quick motion, (one,
And tells him wonders, of ſome flowrie vale,
Awakes, ſtraight rubs his eyes, and prints his tale.
Yon's one, whoſe ſtraines haue flowne ſo high a
That ſtraight he flags, & tumbles in a ditch. (pitch
His ſprightly hote high-ſoring poeſie,
Is like that dreamed of Imagerie,

Whoſe

Whoſe head was golde, breſt ſiluer, braſſe thigh;
Lead leggs, clay feete, o faine fram'd poeſie.
Here's one, to get an vndeſeru'd repute
Of deepe deepe learning, all in fuſtian ſuite
Of ill-pigu'd farre-fetch'd vvords attireth
His period, that all ſence forſweareth.
Another makes old *Homer*, *Spencer* cite.
Like my *Endimation*, where, with rage delight
He tyres, O *Ouid*. This cauſd my idle quill,
The worlds dull eares with ſuch lewd ſtuffe to fill,
And gull vvith bumbaſt lines, the witleſſe ſence
Of theſe rodde naggs, vvhoſe pates circumference
Is fild vvith froth! On theſe ſame buzzing Goats
That ſting my ſleeping browes, theſe Nilus Rats,
Hatcht dung, that haue their life from putrid ſlime.
Theſe that dare prayſe my looſe laſciuious rime;
For theſe ſame ſhades, I ſeriouſly proteſt
I ſlubber'd vp that Chaos indigeſt,

To

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Hem. nostrin.

To fish for fooles, that stalke in goodly shape,
What though in velvet cloake, yet still an Ape.
Capro reads, sweares, scrubs, and sweares againe,
Now by my soule an admirable straine,
Strokes vp his hayre, cries passing passing good,
Oh, there's a line incends his lustfull blood.
Then *Mutio* comes, with his new glasse-set face,
And with his late kist-hand my booke doth grace,
Straight reades, then smyles, & lisps *('tis pretty good)*
And praiseth that he neuer vnderstood.
But roome for *Flaccus*, he'le my Satyres read,
Oh how I trembled straight with inward dread?
But when I saw him read my fustian,
And head him sweare I was a Pythian,
Yet straight recall'd, & sweares I did but quote
Out of *Kilinum* to that margents note,
I could scarce hold, and keepe my selfe conceal'd,
But had well-nigh my selfe and all reueal'd.

Then

Then ſtraight comes *Friſcus*, that neat gentleman
That newe diſcarded Academien,
Who for he could cry *(Ergo)* in the ſchoole,
Straight-way, with his huge iudgement dares con-
Whatſo'ere he viewes, *that's prety, prety good,* (trole
That Epithete hath not that ſprightly blood
Which ſhould enforce it ſpeake, that's Perſius *vaine,*
That's Iuvenals, *heere's* Horace *crabbed ſtraine,*
Though he nere read one line in *Iuvenall,*
Or in his life his lazie eye let fall
On duskie *Perſius*. O indignitie
To my reſpectleſſe free-bred poeſie.
Hence ye big-buzzing little-bodied Gnats,
Yee tatling Ecchoes, huge tongu'd pigmy brats,
I meane to ſleepe, wake not my ſlumbring braine
With your malignant weake detracting vaine.
What though the ſacred iſſue of my ſoule
I heare expoſe to Ideots controule?

What

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Hem noſti'n.

What though I bare to lewd Opinion
Lay ope to vulgar prophanation
My very *Genius*. Yet know my poeſie
Doth ſcorne your vtmoſt, ranck'ſt indignities
My pate was great with child, & here tis eas'd,
Vexe all the world, ſo that thy ſelfe be pleas'd.

SATYRE. VII.

A Cynicke Satyre.

A *Man, a man, a kingdome for a man.*
Why how now curriſh mad Athenian?
Thou Cynick dogge, ſee'ſt not ſtreets do ſwarme
With troupes of men? No, no, for *Circes* charme
Hath turn'd them all to Swine; I neuer ſhall
Thinke thoſe ſame *Samian* ſawes authenticall,

But

But rather I dare ſweare, the ſoules of ſwine
Doe liue in men, for that faire radiant ſhine,
That luſtre wherewith natures *Nature* decked
Our intellectuall part, that glorie is foyled
With ſtayning ſpots of vile impietie,
And muddy durt of ſenſualitie,
Theſe are no men, but *Apparitions*,

Ignes fatui, Glowormes, Fictions,
Meteors, Ratts of Nilus, Fantaſies,
Coloſſes, Pictures, Shades, Reſemblances.

Ho *Linceus*!
Seeſt thou yon gallant in the ſumptuous clothes,
How briſke, how ſpruce, how gorgiouſly he ſhowes,
Note his French-herring bones, but note no more,
Vnleſſe thou ſpy his fayre appendant whore
That lackyes him. Marke nothing but his clothes,
His new ſtampt complement, his Cannon oathes.

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A Cynicke Satyre.

Marke thoſe, for naught but ſuch lewd vicioufnes
Ere graced him, ſaue Sodome beaſtlines.
Is this a *Man*? Nay, an incarnate deuill,
That ſtruts in vice, and glorieth in euill.
A man, a man, peace Cynick, yon is one,
A compleat ſoule, of all perfection.
What, mean'ſt thou him that walks al opē breſted?
Drawne through the eare with Ribands, plumy crē-
He that doth ſnort in fat-fed luxury, [ſted?
And gapes for ſome grinding Monopoly?
He that in effeminate inuention,
In beaſtly ſource of all pollution,
In ryot, luſt, and fleſhly ſeeming ſweetnes,
Sleepes ſound ſecure, vnder the ſhade of greatnes?
Mean'ſt thou that ſenceleſſe, ſenſuall lipicure?
That ſincke of filth, that guzzell moſt impure?
What he? *Lynceus* on my word thus preſume,
He's nought but clothes, & ſenting ſweet perfume.

His

A Cynicke Satyre.

His very ſoule, aſſure thee *Lynceus*,
Is not ſo big as is an Atomus:
Nay, he is ſprightleſſe, ſence or ſoule hath none,
Since laſt *Meduſa* turn'd him to a ſtone.
A man, a man, Loe yonder I eſpie
The ſhade of *Neſtor* in ſad grauitie;
Since old *Sylenus* brake his Aſſes back,
He now is forc'd his paunch, and guts to pack
In a faire Tumbrell. Why ſower Satiriſt
Canſt thou vnman him? Here I dare inſiſt
And ſoothly ſay, he is a perfect ſoule,
Eates Nectar, drinks Ambroſia, ſaunce controule.
An invndation of felicity
Fats him with honor, and huge treaſury.
Canſt thou not *Lynceus* caſt thy ſearching eye
And ſpy his immynent Cataſtrophe?
He's but a ſpunge, and ſhortly needs muſt leeſe
His wrong got iuice, when greatnes fiſt ſhal ſqueeſe

His

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His liquor out. Would not ſome ſhallow head,
That is with ſeeming ſhadowes onely fed,
Sweare yon ſame Damaske-coat, yon garded man,
Were ſome graue ſober *Cato Vtican?*
When let him but in iudgments ſight vncaſe,
He's naught but budge, old gards, browne foxe-fur face
He hath no ſoule, the which the Stagerite
Term'd rationall, for beaſtly appetite.
Baſe dunghill thoughts, and ſenſuall action,
Hath made him looſe that faire creation.
And now no man, ſince *Circes* magick charme
Hath turn'd him to a maggot, that doth ſwarme
In tainted fleſh, whoſe foule corruption
Is his faire foode, whoſe generation
Anothers ruine. O *Canaans* dread curſe
To liue in peoples ſinnes. Nay farre more worſe
To muck ranke hate. But ſirra, *Lincus*,
Seeſt thou that troope that now affronteth vs?

They are naught but Eeles, that neuer will appeare,
Till that tempeſtuous winds or thunder teare
Their ſlimy beds. But prithee ſtay a while,
Looke, yon comes *Iohn-a-noke*, and *Iohn-a-ſtile*,
They are naught but ſlow-pac'd, dilatory pleas,
Demure demurrers, ſtill ſtriuing to appeaſe
Hote zealous loue. The language that they ſpeake,
Is the pure barbarous blackſaunt of the *Geate*,
Their onely skill reſts in *Colluſions*,
Abatements, ſtopples, inhibitions.
Heauy-pac'd Iades, dull pated Iobernoules,
Quick in delayes, checking with vaine controules
Faire Iuſtice courſe, vile neceſſary euils,
Smooth ſeeme-Saints, yet damn'd incarnate deuils.
Farre be it from my ſharpe Satirick Muſe,
Thoſe graue, and reuerent legiſts to abuſe,
That ayde *Aſtrea*, that doe further right:
But theſe *Megera's* that inflame deſpight,

That

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A Cynicke Satyre.

That broch deepe ranchor, that doe ſtudy ſtill
To ruine right, that they their panch may fill
With *Irus* blood; theſe Furies I doe meane,
Theſe Hedge-hogs, that diſturbe *Aſtreas* Scean.
A man, a man: peace Cynick, yon's a man,
Behold yon ſprightly dread *Manortian*.
With him I ſtop thy curriſh barking chops.
what? meanſt thou him, that in his ſwaggering ſlops
Wallowes vnbraced all along the ſtreete?
He that ſalutes each gallant he doth meete,
With *farewell ſweet Captaine, kind hart, adew*,
He that laſt night, tumbling thou didſt view
From out the great mans head, and thinking ſtill
He had beene Sentinell of vvarlike Brill.
Cryes out *Que va la?* zownds *Que?* and out doth draw
His transformd popyard, to a *Syrrenge* ſtraw,
And ſtabs the Drawer. What that *Ringo roote*?
Mean'ſt thou that waſted leg, puffe bumbaſt boote?

What he that's drawne, and quartered with lace?
That *Weſtphalian* gamon Cloue-ſtuck face?
Why, he is naught but huge blaſpheming othes,
Swart ſnowt, big looks, miſhapen Swizers clothes,
Weake meager luſt hath now conſumed quite,
And waſted cleane away his martiall ſpright,
Infeebling ryot, all vices confluence,
Hath eaten out that ſacred influence
VVhich made him man.
That diuine part is ſoak'd away in ſinne,
In ſenſuall luſt, and midnight bezeling.
Ranke invndation of luxurioufnes,
Haue tainted him with ſuch groſſe beaſtlines,
That now the ſeate of that celeſtiall eſſence
Is all poſſeſt with Naples peſtilence.
Fat peace, and diſſolute impiety,
Haue lulled him in ſuch ſecurity,

That

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That now, let whirlwinds and confuſion teare
The Center of our ſtate, let Giants reare
Hill vpon hill, let vveſterne *Termagant*
Shake heauens vault, he with his Occupant,
Are cling'd ſo cloſe, like dew-wormes in the morne,
That he'le not ſtir, till out his guts are torne
With eating filth. *Tubrio* ſnort on, ſnort on,
Till thou art wak'd with ſad confuſion.
Now raile no more at my ſharpe Cynick ſound
Thou brutiſh world, that in all vilenes drown'd
Haſt loſt thy ſoule, for naught but ſhades I ſee,
Reſemblances of men inhabite thee.
Yon Tiſſue ſlop, yon Holy-croſſed pane,
Is but a vvater-ſpaniell that will faune
And kiſſe the water whilſt it pleaſures him,
But being once arriued at the brim,
He ſhakes it off.

A Cynicke Satyre.

Yon in the capring cloake, a Mimick Ape
That onely ſtriues to ſeeme an others ſhape.
Yon's *Æſops* Aſſe, yon ſad ciuility,
Is but an Oxe, that with baſe drudgery
Fares vp the Land, whilſt ſome gilt Aſſe doth chaw
The golden wheat; he well apay'd with ſtraw.
Yon's but a muckhill ouer-ſpred with ſnow,
Which with that vaile doth euen as fairely ſhow
As the greene meades, whoſe natiue outward faire
Breathes ſweet perfumes into the neighbour ayre.
Yon effeminate ſanguine *Ganimede*,
Is but a Beuer, hunted for the bed.
Peace Cynick, *ſee what yonder doth approach*,
A cart? a tumbrell? *no a Badged coach.*
What's in't? ſome man. *No, nor yet woman kinde,*
But a celeſtiall Angell, faire refinde.
The deuill as ſoone. Her maske ſo hinders me
I cannot ſee her beauties deitie.

Now

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A Cynicke Satyre.

Now that is off, ſhee is ſo vizarded,
So ſteep'd in Lemons iuyce, ſo ſurphuled
I cannot ſee her face, vnder one hood
Two faces, but I neuer vnderſtood
Or ſaw, one face vnder two hoods till now,
Tis the right ſemblance of old *Ianus* brow.
Her maske, her vizard, her looſe-hanging gowne
For her looſe lying body, her bright ſpãgled crown,
Her long ſlit ſleeue, ſtiffe, buske, puffe verdingall,
Is all that makes her thus angelicall.
Alas, her ſoule ſtruts round about her neck,
Her ſeate of ſence is her rebato ſet,
Her intellectuall is a fained nicenes,
Nothing but clothes, & ſimpering preciſenes.
Out on theſe puppets, painted Images,
Haberdaſhers ſhops, torch-light maskeries, (bright
Perfuming pans, Dutch antients, Glowe-vvormes
That ſoile our ſoules, and dampe our reaſons light:
Away,

A Cynicke Satyre.

Away, away, hence Coach-man, goe inſhrine
Thy new glas'd puppet in port Eſqueline.
Bluſh *Martia*, feare not, or looke pale, all's one,
Margara keepes thy ſet complexion.
Sure I nere think thoſe axioms to be true,
That ſoules of men, from that great ſoule enſue,
And of his eſſence doe participate
As't were by pipes, when ſo degenerate,
So aduerſe is our natures motion,
To his immaculate condition:
That ſuch ~~foule~~ filth, from ſuch faire purity,
Such ſenſuall acts from ſuch a Deity,
Can nere proceed. But if that dreame were ſo,
Then ſure the ſlime that from our ſoules doe flow,
Haue ſtopt thoſe pipes by which it was conuai'd,
And now no humane creatures, once diſrai'd
Of that faire iem.
Beaſts *ſence*, plants *growth*, like being as a ſtone,
But out alas, our *Cogniſance* is gone.

Finis libri Secundi.

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SATY:
Liber Tertius.

Proemium in librum tertium.

IN ſerius ieſt, and ieſting ſeriouſnes,
I ſtriue to ſcourge poluting beaſtlines.
I invocate no *Delian* Deitie,
Nor ſacred of-ſpring of *Mnemoſyne*:
I pray in ayde of no *Caſtalian* Muſe,
No Nimph, no femall Angell to infuſe
A ſprightly wit to raiſe my flagging wings,
And teach me tune theſe harſh diſcordant ſtrings;
I craue no Syrens of our Halcion times,
To grace the accents of my rough-hew'd rimes;
But grim *Reproofe*, ſtearne Hate of villany,
Inſpire and guide a Satyres poeſie.
Faire *Deteſtation* of foule odious ſinne,
In which our ſwiniſh times lye wallowing.

Be

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Proemium in librum tertium.

Be thou my conduct and my *Genius*,
My wits inciting ſweet breath'd *Zephirus*.
O that a Satyres hand had force to plucke
Some ſludgate vp, to purge the world from muck:
Would God I could turne *Alpheus* riuer in
To purge this *Augean* oxſtaule from foule ſin.
Well, I will try, awake impuritie,
And view the vaile drawne from thy villanie.

Inamo-

SATYRE. VIII.

Inamorato Curio.

CUrio, aye mee! thy miſtres Monkey's dead,
Alas, alas, her pleaſures buried.
Goe womans ſlaue, performe his exequies,
Condole his death in mournfull Elegies.
Tut, rather Peans ſing *Hermaphrodite*,
For that ſad death giues life to thy delight.
Sweet fac'd *Corinna*, daine the riband tie
Of thy Cork-ſhooe, or els thy ſlaue will die:
Some puling Sonnet toles his paſſing bell,
Some ſighing Elegie muſt ring his knell,
Vnleſſe bright ſunſhine of thy grace reuiue
His wambling ſtomack, certes he will diue
Into the whirle-poole of deuouring death,
And to ſome Mermaid ſacrifice his breath.
Then oh, *oh then*, to thy eternall ſhame,
And to the honour of ſweet *Curios* name,

This

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Inamorato Curio.

This Epitaph vpon the Marble ſtone,
Muſt fayre be grau'd of that true louing one;
Heere lyeth hee, hee lyeth heere,
that bounc'd, and pitty cried,
The doore not op'd, fell ſicke alas,
alas fell ſicke and dyed.
What Mirmidon, or hard Dolopian,
What ſauage minded rude Cyclopian,
But ſuch a ſweete pathetique Paphian
Would force to laughter? Ho *Amphitrion,*
Thou art no Cuckold, what though *Ioue* dallied
During thy warres, in faire *Alcmenas* bed,
Yet *Hercules* true borne, that imbecilitie
Of corrupt nature all apparantly
Appeares in him, ô foule indignitie,
I heard him vow himſelfe a ſlaue to *Omphale,*
Puling *(aye me)* ô valours obloquie!
He that the inmoſt nookes of hell did know,
Whoſe nere craz'd proweſſe all did ouer-throw,

Inamorato Curio.

Lyes ſtreaking brawnie limmes in weakning bed,
Perfum'd, ſmooth kemb'd, new glaz'd, faire ſurphu-
O that the boundleſſe power of the ſoule (led,
Should be ſubiected to ſuch baſe controule!
Big limm'd *Alcides*, doffe thy honors crowne,
Goe ſpin huge ſlaue, leaſt *Omphale* ſhould frowne.
By my beſt hopes, I bluſh with griefe and ſhame
To broach the peaſant baſenes of our name.
O now my ruder hand begins to quake,
To thinke what loftie Cedars I muſt ſhake:
But if the canker fret the barkes of Oakes,
Like humbler ſhrubs ſhall equall beare the ſtroakes
Of my reſpectleſſe rude Satyrick hand,
Vnleſſe the Deſtin's adamantine band
Should tye my teeth, I cannot chuſe but bite,
To view *Mauortius* metamorphiz'd quite
To puling ſighes, & into *(aye mee's)* ſtate,
With voyce diſtinct, all fine articulate.

Liſping

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Inamorato Curio.

Liſping, *Faire ſaint, my woe compaſsionate,*
By heauen thine eye is my ſoule-guiding fate.
The God of wounds, had wont on *Cyprian* couch
To ſtreake himſelfe, and with incenſing touch
To faint his force onely when wrath had end;
But now, mong furious garboiles, he doth ſpend
His feebled valour, in tilt and turneing,
With wet turn'd kiſſes, melting dallying.
A poxe apon't, that *Bacchis* name ſhould be
The watch-word giuen to the ſouldierie.
Goe troupe to fielde, mount thy obſcured fame,
Cry out S. *George*, inuoke thy Miſtres name;
Thy Miſtres and S. *George*, alarum cry,
Weake force, weake ayde, that ſproutes from luxurie.
Thou tedious workmanſhip of luſt-ſlung *Ioue*,
Downe from thy skies, enioy our females loue,
Some fiftie more *Beotian* gerles will ſue
To haue thy loue, (ſo that thy backe be true.)

Inamorato Curio.

O now me thinks I heare ſwart *Martius* cry
Souping along in warrs fain'd maskerie,
By *Lais* ſtarrie front he'le forth-with die
In cluttred blood, his Miſtres liuorie.
Her fancies colours waues vpon his head,
O well fenc'd *Albion*, mainly manly ſped,
When thoſe that are Soldadoes in thy ſtate,
Doe beare the badge of baſe, effeminate,
Euen on their plumie creſts, brutes ſenſuall,
Hauing no ſparke of intellectuall.
Alack, what hope? when ſome ranck naſty wench
Is ſubiect of theyr vowes and confidence?
Publius hates vainely to idolatries,
And laughs that Papiſts honour Images,
And yet (ô madnes) theſe mine eyes did ſee
Him melt in mouing plaints, obſequiouſly
Imploring fauour, twining his kinde armes,
Vſing inchauntments, exorciſmes, charmes.

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Inamorato Curio.

The oyle of Sonnets, wanton blandiſhment,
The force of teares, & ſeeming languiſhment,
Vnto the picture of a painted laſſe:
I ſaw him court his Miſtres looking-glaſſe,
Worſhip a busk-poynt, (which in ſecrecie
I feare was conſcius of ſtrange villany.)
I ſaw him crouch, deuote his liuelihood,
Sweare, proteſt, vow peſant ſeruitude
Vnto a painted puppet, to her eyes
I heard him ſweare his ſighs to ſacrifice.
But if he get her itch-allaying pinne,
O ſacred relique, ſtraight he muſt beginne
To raue out-right, then thus. *Celeſtiall bliſſe,*
Can heauen grant ſo rich a grace as this?
Touch it not (by the Lord Sir) tis diuine,
It once beheld her radiant eyes bright ſhine:
Her haire imbrac'd it, ô thrice happy prick
That there was thron'd, and in her haire didſt ſtick.

Kiſſe, bleſſe, adore it *Publius*, neuer linne,
Some ſacred vertue lurketh in the pinne.
O frantick fond pathetique paſſion!
Iſt poſſible ſuch ſenſuall action
Should clip the wings of contemplation?
O can it be the ſpirits function,
The ſoule not ſubiect to dimenſion.
Should be made ſlaue to reprehenſion
Of crafty natures paint? Fie, can our ſoule
Be vnderling to ſuch a vile controule?
Saturio wiſh'd himſelfe his Miſtres buske,
That he might ſweetly lie, and ſoftly luske
Betweene her paps, then muſt he haue an eye
At eyther end, that freely might diſcry
Both hils and dales. But out on *Phrigio*,
That wiſh'd he were his Miſtris dog, to goe
And licke her milk-white fiſt, ô pretty grace,
That pretty *Phrigio* begs but Pretties place.

Par-

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Parthenophell, thy wiſh I will omit,
So beaſtly tis I may not vtter it.
But *Pumeus*, of all I'le beare with thee,
That faine would'ſt be thy Miſtres ſmug Munkey,
Here's one would be a flea,(ieſt comicall)
Another his ſweet Ladies verdingall
To clip her tender breech; Another he
Her ſiluer-handled fanne would gladly be,
Here's one would be his Miſtres neck-lace faine,
To clip her faire, and kiſſe her azure vaine.
Fond fooles,well wiſh'd, and pitty but ſhould be,
For beaſtly ſhape to brutiſh ſoules agree.
If *Lauras* painted lip doe daine a kiſſe
To her enamor'd ſlaue, *ô heauens bliſſe*
(Straight he exclaimes) *not to be match'd with this*!
Blaſpheming dolt,goe three-ſcore ſonnets write
Vpon a pictures kiſſe, ô rauing ſpright!

Inamorato Curio.

I am not ſapleſſe, old, or rumatick,
No *Hipponax* miſhapen ſtigmatick,
That I ſhould thus inueigh gainſt amorous ſpright
Of him whoſe ſoule doth turne *Hermaphrodite*,
But I doe ſadly grieue, and inly vexe
To view the baſe diſhonors of our ſexe. (rapes,
Tuſh, guiltles Doues, when Gods to force ſoule
Will turne themſelues to any brutiſh ſhapes.
Baſe baſtard powers, whom the world doth ſee
Transform'd to ſwine for ſenſuall luxurie;
The ſonne of *Saturne* is become a Bull,
To crop the beauties of ſome female trull.
Now, when he hath his firſt wife *Metim* ſped,
And fairely chok'd, leaſt foole gods ſhould be bred
Of that fond Mule. *Themis* his ſecond wife
Hath turn'd away, that his vnbrideled life
Might haue more ſcope. Yet laſt his ſiſters loue
Muſt ſatiate the luſtfull thoughts of *Ioue*.

Now

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Inamorato Curio.

Now doth the lecher in a Cuckowes ſhape
Commit a monſtrous and inceſtuous rape.
Thrice ſacred gods, and ô thrice bleſſed skies
Whoſe orbes includes ſuch vertuous deities!
What ſhould I ſay? Luſt hath confounded all,
The bright gloſſe of our intellectuall
Is fouly foyl'd. The wanton wallowing
In fond delights, and amorous dallying,
Hath dusk'd the faireſt ſplendour of our ſoule:
Nothing now left, but carkas, lothſome, foule.
For ſure, if that ſome ſpright remained ſtill,
Could it be ſubiect to lewd *Laïs* will?
Reaſon by prudence in her function
Had wont to tutor all our action.
Ayding with precepts of philoſophy
Our feebled natures imbecility:
But now affection, will, concupiſcence,
Haue got o're Reaſon chiefe preheminence.

Inamorato. Curio.

Tis ſo, els how, ſhould ſuch baſenes taint
As force it be made ſlaue to natures paint?
Me thinks the ſpirits Pegaſe *Fantaſie*
Should hoiſe the ſoule from ſuch baſe ſlauery,
But now I ſee, and can right plainly ſhow
Frō whence ſuch abiect thoughts & actions grow.
Our aduerſe body, being earthly, cold,
Heauy, dull, mortall, would not long infold
A ſtranger inmate, that was backward ſtill
To all his dungy, brutiſh, ſenſuall will:
Now here-vpon, our Intellectuall,
Compact of fire all celeſtiall,
Inviſible, immortall, and diuine,
Grew ſtraight to ſcorn his land-lords muddy ſlime.
And therfore now is cloſely ſlunke away
(Leauing his ſmoaky houſe of mortall clay)
Adorn'd with all his beauties liniaments
And brighteſt iems of ſhining ornaments.

His

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His parts diuine, ſacred, ſpirituall
Attending on him, leauing the ſenſuall
Baſe hangers on, lusking at home in ſlime,
Such as wont to ſtop port Eſqueline.
Now doth the body led with ſenceleſſe will,
(The which in reaſons abſence ruleth ſtill)
Raue, talke idely, as't were ſome deity
Adoring female painted puppetry
Playing at put-pin, doting on ſome glaſſe
(Which breath'd but on his falſed gloſſe doth paſſe)
Toying with babies, and with fond paſtime
Some childrens ſport, deflowring of chaſt time,
Imploying all his wits in vaine expence,
Abuſing all his organons of ſence.
Returne, returne, ſacred *Syndereſis*,
Inſpire our truncks, let not ſuch mud as this
Pollute vs ſtill. Awake our lethargy,
Raiſe vs from out our brain-ſicke foolery.

SATYRE. IX.

Here's a toy to mocke an Ape indeede.

GRim-fac'd *Reproofe*, ſparkle with threatning eye
Bend thy ſower browes in my tart poeſie.
Auant yee curres, houle in ſome cloudy miſt,
Quake to behold a ſharp-fang'd Satyriſt.
O how on tiptoes proudly mounts my Muſe,
Stalking a loftier gate then Satyres vſe.
Me thinks ſome ſacred rage warmes all my vaines,
Making my ſpright mount vp to higher ſtraines
Then wel beſeemes a rough-tongu'd Satyres part,
But Art curbs Nature, Nature guildeth Art.
Come downe yee Apes, or I will ſtrip you quite,
Baring your bald tayles to the peoples ſight
Yee Mimick ſlaues, what are you percht ſo hie?
Downe Iack an Apes from thy fain'd royaltie.
What furr'd with beard, cas'd in a Satin ſute
Iudiciall Iack? how haſt thou got repute

Of

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A toy to mocke an Ape.

Of a ſound cenſure? O ideot times,
Whē gawdy Monkeyes mowe ore ſprightly rimes!
O world of fooles, when all mens iudgment's ſet
And reſts vpon ſome mumping Marmoſet!
Yon Athens Ape (that can but ſimperingly
Yaule *auditores humaniſſimi*,
Bound to ſome ſeruile imitation,
Can with much ſweat patch an Oration,
Now vp he comes, and with his crooked eye
Preſumes to ſquint on ſome faire Poëſie;
And all as thankleſſe as vngratefull Thames
He ſlinks away, leauing but reeching ſteames
Of dungy ſlime behind, all as ingrate
He vſeth it, as when I ſatiate (roome,
My ſpaniells paunch, vvho ſtraight perfumes the
With his tailes filth: ſo this vnciuill groome,
Ill-tutor'd pedant, *Mortimers* numbers
With muck-pit eſculine filth beſcumbers.

Now

A toy to mocke an Ape.

Now th'Ape chatters, and is as malecontent
As a bill-patch'd doore, vvhoſe entrailes out haue (ſent
And ſpewd theyr tenant.
My ſoule adores iudiciall ſchollerſhip,
But when to ſeruile imitatorſhip
Some ſpruce Athenian pen is prentized,
Tis worſe then Apiſh. Fie, be not flattered
With ſeeming worth, fond affectation
Befits an Ape, and mumping Babilon.

O what a trickſie lerned nicking ſtraine
Is this applauded, ſencles, modern * vaine
When late I heard it frõ ſage *Mutius* lips
How ill me thought ſuch wanton ligging skips
Beſeem'd his grauer ſpeech. *Farre flue thy fame*
Moſt, moſt, of me belou'd, whoſe ſilent name
One letter bounds. Thy true iudiciall ſtile
I euer honour, and if my loue beguile

* *Nõ ledere, ſed ludere non lanea, ſed linea non ictus, ſed nictus potius.*

Not

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A toy to mocke an Ape.

Not much my hopes, then thy vnvalued worth
Shall mount faire place, when Apes are turned forth.

I am too mild, reach me my ſcourge againe,
O yon's a pen ſpeakes in a learned vaine.
Deepe, paſt all ſence. Lanthorne & candle light,
Here's all inviſible, *all ment all ſpright.*
What hotchpotch, giberidge, doth the Poet bring?
How ſtrangely ſpeakes? yet ſweetly doth he ſing.
I once did know a tinckling Pewterer,
That was the vildeſt ſtumbling ſtutterer
That euer hack'd and hew'd our natiue tongue,
Yet to the Lute if you had heard him ſung,
Ieſu how ſweet he breath'd. You can apply.
O ſenceleſſe proſe, iudiciall poeſie,
How ill you'r link'd. This affectation,
To ſpeake beyond mens apprehenſion,
How Apiſh tis. When all in fuſten ſute
Is cloth'd a huge *nothing*, all for repute

Of

A toy to mocke an Ape.

Of profound knowledge, whē profoūdnes knowes
There's nought cōtaind, but only ſeeming ſhowes.
Old Iack of Parris-garden, canſt thou get
A faire rich ſute, though fouly runne in debt?
Looke ſmug, ſmell ſweet, take vp commodities,
Keepe whores, fee baudes, belch impious blaſphe-
Wallow along in ſwaggering diſguiſe, (mies,
Snuffe vp ſmoak whiffs, & each morne fore ſhe riſe
Viſite thy drab? Canſt vſe a falſe cut Die
With a cleane grace, and glib facilitie?
Canſt thunder cannon oathes, like th'ratling
Of a huge, double, full-charg'd culuering?
Then Iack troupe mong our gallants, kiſſe thy fiſt,
And call them brothers. Say a Satyriſt
Sweares they are thine in neere affinitie.
All cooſin germaines, ſaue in villanie.
For (ſadly truth to ſay) what are they els
But imitators of lewd beaſtlines?

Farre

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A toy to mocke an Ape.

Farre worſe then Apes; for mowe, or ſcratch your pate,
It may be ſome odde Ape will imitate.
But let a youth that hath abus'd his time,
In wronged trauaile, in that hoter clime,
Swoope by old Iack, in clothes Italionate:
And I'le be hang'd if he will imitate
His ſtrange fantaſtique ſute ſhapes. ---
Or let him bring or'e beaſtly luxuries,
Some hell-deuiſed luſtfull villanies,
Euē Apes & beaſts wold bluſh with natiue ſhame,
And thinke it foule diſhonour to theyr name,
Their beaſtly name, to imitate ſuch ſin
As our lewd youths doe boaſt and glory in.

Fie, whether doe theſe Monkeys carry mee?
Theyr very names doe foyle my poeſie.
Thou vvorld of Marmoſets and mumping Apes,
Vnmaske, put of thy fained borrowed ſhapes.

Why

A toy to mocke an Ape.

Why lookes neate *Curus* all ſo ſimperingly?
Why babbles thou of deepe Diuinitie?
And of that ſacred teſtimoniall?
Liuing voluptuous like a *Bacchanall?*
Good hath thy tongue: but thou ranke Puritan,
I'le make an Ape as good a Chriſtian.
I'le force him chatter, turning vp his eye
Looke ſad, goe graue. Demure ciuilitie
Shall ſeeme to ſay, *Good brother, ſiſter deere,*
As for the reſt, to ſnort in belly cheere,
To bite, to gnaw, and boldly ietermell
VVith ſacred things, in which thou dooſt excell,
Vnforc'd he'le doe. O take compaſsion
Euen on your ſoules, make not religion
A bawde to lewdnes. Ciuill *Socrates,*
Clip not the youth of *Alcibiades*
With vnchaſt armes. Diſguiſed *Meſſaline,*
I'le teare thy maske, and bare thee to the eyne

Of

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A toy to mocke an Ape.

Of hiſsing boyes, if to the Theaters
I finde thee once more come for lecherers
To ſatiate? Nay, to tyer thee with the vſe
Of weakening luſt. Yee fainers, leaue t'abuſe
Our better thoughts with your hipocriſie,
Or by the euer-liuing Veritie,
I'le ſtrip you nak'd, and whyp you with my rimes,
Cauſing your ſhame to liue to after times.

SATYRA NOVA.

Stultorum plena ſunt omnia.

To his very friend, Maiſter E. G.

FRom out the ſadnes of my diſcontent,
Hating my wonted iocund merriment,
(Onely to giue dull Time a ſwifter wing)
Thus ſcorning ſcorne of Ideot fooles, I ſing.

Stultorum plena ſunt omnia.

I dread no bending of an angry brow,
Or rage of fooles that I ſhall purchaſe now.
Who'le ſcorne to ſitte in ranke of foolery
VVhen I'le be maiſter of the company?
For pre-thee *Ned*, I pre-thee gentle lad,
Is not he frantique, fooliſh, bedlam mad,
That waſtes his ſpright, that melts his very braine
In deepe deſignes, in wits darke gloomie ſtraine?
That ſcourgeth great ſlaues with a dreadleſſe fiſt,
Playing the rough part of a Satyriſt,
To be perus'd by all the dung-ſcum rable
Of thin-braind Ideots, dull, vncapable?
For mimicke apiſh ſchollers, pedants, gulls,
Perfum'd Inamoratoes, brothell trulls?
Whilſt I (poore ſoule) abuſe chaſt virgin Time,
Deflowring her with vnconceiued rime.
Tut, tut, a toy of an idle empty braine,
Some ſcurrill ieſts, light gew-gawes, fruitleſſe, vaine.

Cries

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Stultorum plena ſunt omnia.

Cryes beard-graue *Dromus*, whẽ alas, God knowes,
His toothles gums nere chaw but outward ſhowes.
Poore Budgeface, bowcaſe ſleeue, but let him paſſe,
Once fur and beard ſhall priuiledge an Aſſe.
And tell me *Ned*, vvhat might that gallant be,
Who to obtaine intemperate luxurie,
Cuckolds his elder brother, gets an heire,
By which his hope is turned to diſpaire?
In fayth, (good *Ned*) he damn'd himſelfe with coſt,
For well thou know'ſt full goodly land was loſt.
I am too priuate. *Yet mee thinkes an Aſſe,*
Rimes well with VIDERIT VTILITAS.
Euen full as well, I boldly dare auer
As any of that ſtinking Scauenger
Which from his dunghill hee bedaubed on
The latter page of old *Pigmalion.*
O that thys brother of hypocreſie,
(Applauded by his pure fraternitie)

Stultorum plena ſunt omnia.

Should thus be puffed, and ſo proude inſiſt,
As play on mee the Epigramatiſt.
Opinion mounts this froth vnto the skies,
Whom iudgements reaſon iuſtly vileſies.
For, (ſhame to the Poet,) reade *Ned*, behold
How wittily a Maiſters-hoode can ſcold.

An Epigram which the Authour *Vergidemiarum*, cauſed to bee paſted to the latter page of euery *Pigmalion* that came to the ſtacioners of Cambridge.

I Ask'd Phiſitions what theyr counſell was
For a mad dogge, or for a mankind Aſſe?
They told mee though there were confections ſtore,
Of Poppy-ſeede, and ſoueraine Hellebore,
The dog was beſt cured by cutting & kinſing,* * *Mark the witty alluſion to my name.*
The Aſſe muſt be kindly whipped for winſing.
Nowe then S. K. I little paſſe
VVhether thou be a mad dog, or a mankind Aſſe.

Smart

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Stultorum plena ſant omnia.

Medice cura teipſum.

Smart ierke of vvit, did euer ſuch a ſtraine
Riſe from an Apiſh ſchoole-boyes childiſh braine?
Dooſt thou not bluſh (good) *Ned*, that ſuch a ſent
Should riſe frō thence where thou hadſt nutriment?
Shame to Opinion, that perfumes his dung,
And ſtreweth flowers rotten bones among,
Iugling Opinion, thou inchaunting witch,
Paint not a rotten poſt with colours rich.
But now this Iugler with the worlds conſent
Hath halfe his ſoule; the other, Compliment,
Mad world the whilſt. But I forget mee I,
Iam ſeduced with this poeſie:
And madder then a Bedlam ſpend ſweet time
In bitter numbers, in this idle rime,
Out on this humour. From a ſickly bed,
And from a moodie minde diſtempered,

Stultorum plena ſunt omnia.

I vomit foorth my loue, now turn'd to hate,
Scorning the honour of a Poets ſtate.
Nor ſhall the kennell route of muddy braines,
Rauiſh my Muſes heyre, or heare my ſtraines
Once more. No nitrie pedant ſhall correct
Ænigmaes to his ſhallow Intelect
Inchauntment. *Ned* hath rauiſhed my ſence
In a Poetick vaine circumference.
Yet thus I hope, (God ſhield I now ſhould lie)
Many more fooles, and moſt more wiſe then I.

VALE.

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SATYRE. X.

Humours.

SLeep grim *Reproofe*, my iocond Muſe doth ſing
In other keyes, to nimbler fingering.
Dull ſprighted *Melancholy*, leaue my braine
To hell *Cimerian* night, in liuely vaine
I ſtriue to paint, then hence all darke intent
And ſullen frownes, come ſporting meriment,
Cheeke dimpling laughter, crowne my very ſoule
With iouiſance, whilſt mirthfull ieſts controule
The goutie humours of theſe pride-ſwolne dayes,
Which I doe long vntill my pen diſplaies.
O I am great with mirth, ſome midwifrie,
Or I ſhall breake my ſides at vanitie.
Roome for a capering mouth, whoſe lips nere
But in diſcourſing of the gracefull ſlur: (ſtur,
Who euer heard ſpruce skipping *Curio*
Ere prate of ought, but of the whirle on toe.

The turne aboue ground, *Robrus* ſprauling kicks,
Fabius caper, *Harries* toſſing tricks?
Did euer any eare, ere heare him ſpeake
Vnleſſe his tongue of croſſe-poynts did intreat?
His teeth doe caper whilſt he eates his meate,
His heeles doe caper, whilſt he takes his ſeate,
His very ſoule, his intellectuall
Is nothing but a mincing capreall. (meete
He dreames of toe-turnes, each gallant hee dooth
He fronts him with a trauers in the ſtreete,
Prayſe but *Orcheſtra*, and the skipping art,
You ſhall commaund him, faith you haue his hart
Euen capring in your fiſt. A hall, a hall,
Roome for the Spheres, the Orbes celeſtiall
Will daunce *Kemps Iigge*. They'le reuel with neate
A worthy Poet hath put on their Pumps? (iumps
O wits quick trauers, but *Jance ceo's* ſlow,
Good faith tis hard for nimble *Curio*.

Yee

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Yee gracious Orbes, keepe the old measuring,
All's spoyld if once yee fall to capering.

Luscus what's playd to day? fayth now I know
I set thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow
Naught but pure *Iuliet* and *Romeo.*
Say, who acts best? *Drusus*, or *Roscio?*
Now I haue him, that nere of ought did speake
But when of playes or Plaiers he did treate.
H'ath made a common-place booke out of playes,
And speakes in print, at least what ere he sayes
Is warranted by Curtaine *plaudities*,
If ere you heard him courting *Lesbias* eyes;
Say (Curteous Sir) speakes he not mouingly
From out some new pathetique Tragedie?
He writes, he railes, he iests, he courts, what not,
And all from out his huge long scraped stock
Of well penn'd playes.

Oh

Oh come not within diſtance, *Martius* ſpeakes,
Who nere diſcourſeth but of fencing feates,
Of *counter times, finctures,* ſlye *paſſataes,*
Stramazones, reſolute *Stoccataes,*
Of the quick change, with wiping *mandritta,*
The *carricado,* with th'*enbrocata,*
Oh, by Ieſu Sir, (me thinks I heare him cry)
The honourable fencing miſterie,
Who doth not honour? Then falls he in againe,
Iading our eares, and ſome-what muſt be ſaine
Of blades, and Rapier-hilts, of fureſt garde,
Of *Vincentio,* and the *Burgonians* ward.
Thys bumbaſt foile-button I once did ſee
By chaunce, in *Liuias* modeſt companie,
When after the *God-ſauing* ceremonie,
For want of talke-ſtuffe, falls to foinerie,
Out goes his Rapier, and to *Liuia,*
He ſhowes the ward by *puncta reuerſa.*

The

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The *incarnata*. Nay, by the bleſſed light,
Before he goes, he'le teach her how to fight
And hold her weapon. Oh I laught amaine,
To ſee the madnes of this *Martius* vaine.
But roome for *Tuſcus*, that ieſt-mounging youth,
Who nere did ope his Apiſh gerning mouth
But to retaile and broke anothers wit.
Diſcourſe of what you will, he ſtraight can fit
Your preſent talke, with, *Sir, I'le tell a ieſt*,
(Of ſome ſweet Lady, or graund Lord at leaſt)
Then on he goes. And nere his tongue ſhall lie
Till his ingroſſed ieſts are all drawne dry;
But then as dumbe as *Maurus*, when at play
H'ath loſt his crownes, & paun'd his trim aray.
He doth naught but retaile ieſts, breake but one,
Out flies his table-booke, let him alone,
He'le haue't i-fayth; Lad, haſt an Epigram,
Wilt haue it put into the chaps of Fame?

Giue

Giue *Tuſcus* coppies, ſooth as his owne wit
His propper iſſue he will father it.
O that this Eccho, that doth ſpeake, ſpet, write
Naught but the excrements of others ſpright,
This ill-ſtuft trunck of ieſts, whoſe very ſoule
Is but a heape of libes, ſhould once inroule
His name mong creatures termed rationall,
vvhoſe chiefe repute, whoſe ſence, whoſe ſoule & all
Are fed with offall ſcraps, that ſomtimes fall
From liberall wits, in their large feſtiuall.
Come aloft Iack, roome for a vaulting skip.
Roome for *Torquatus*, that nere op'd his lip
But in prate of *pummado renerſa*,
Of the nimbling tumbling *Angelica*.
Now on my ſoule, his very intelect
Is naught but a curuetting *Sommerſet*.
Huſh, huſh, cryes (honeſt *Phylo*) peace, deſiſt,
Dooſt thou not tremble ſower Satyriſt

Now

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Now iudiciall Musus *wadeth thee?*
He'le whip each line, he'le scourge thy balladry,
Good fayth he will. Phyle I prethee stay
Whilst I the humour of this dogge display:
He's naught but censure, wilt thou credite me,
He neuer wrote one line in poesie,
But once at Athens in a theame did frame
A paradox in prayse of Vertues name,
Which still he hugs, and luls as tenderly
As cuckold *Tyrus* his wifes bastardy.
Well, here's a challenge, I flatly say he lyes
That heard him ought but censure Poesies.
Tis his discourse, first hauing knit the brow,
Stroke vp his fore-top, champed euery row,
Belcheth his slauering censure on each booke
That dare presume euen on *Meduſa* looke.
I haue no Artists skill in simphonies,
Yet when some pleasing Diapason flies

From

Humours.

From out the belly of a ſweet touch'd Lute,
My eares dares ſay tis good, or when they ſute
Some harſher ſeauens for varietie,
My natiue skill diſcernes it preſently.
What then? will any ſottiſh dolt repute
Or euer thinke me *Orpheus* abſolute?
Shall all the world of Fidlers follow me,
Relying on my voyce in muſickrie?
Muſus here's *Rhodes*, lets ſee thy boaſted leape,
Or els avaunt lewd curre, preſume not ſpeake,
Or with thy venome-ſputtering chaps to barke
Gainſt well-pend Poems, in the tongue-tied darke.
O for a humour, looke who yon doth goe,
The meager lecher, lewd *Luxurio*,
Tis he that hath the ſole monopolie
By patent, of the Suburbe lecherie.
No new edition of drabbs comes out,
But ſeene and allow'd by *Luxurios* ſnout.

Did

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Did euer any man ere heare him talke
But of Pick-hatch, or of ſome Shorditch baulke,
Aretines filth, or of his wandring whore,
Of ſome *Cynedian*, or of *Tacedore*,
Of *Ruſcus* naſty lothſome brothell rime,
That ſtinks like *Aiax* froth, or muck-pit ſlime.
The newes he tels you, is of ſome new fleſh,
Lately broke vp, ſpan new, hote piping freſh;
The curteſie he ſhowes you, is ſome morne
To giue you *Venus* fore his ſmock be on.
His eyes, his tongue, his ſoule, his all is luſt,
Which vengeance and confuſion follow muſt.
Out on this ſalt humour, letchers dropſie,
Fie, it doth ſoile my chaſter poeſie.
O ſpruce! How now *Piſo*, *Aurelius* Ape,
What ſtrange diſguiſe, what new deformed ſhape
Doth hold thy thoughts in contemplation?
Faith ſay, what faſhion art thou thinking on?

A ſtitch'd Taffata cloake, a payre of ſlops
Of Spaniſh leather? O who heard his chops
Ere chew of ought, but of ſome ſtrange diſguiſe.
This faſhion-mounger, each morne ſore he riſe
Contemplates ſute ſhapes, & once frō out his bed,
He hath them ſtraight full liuely portrayed.
And then he chukes, and is as proud of this,
As *Tophus* when he got his neighbours bliſſe.
All faſhions ſince the firſt yeere of this Queene,
May in his ſtuddy fairely drawne be ſeene,
And all that ſhall be to his day of doome,
You may peruſe within that little roome.
For not a faſhion once dare ſhow his face,
But from neate *Pyſo* firſt muſt take his grace.
The long fooles coat, the huge ſlop, the lugg'd boot
From mimick *Pyſo*, all doe claime their roote.
O that the boundleſſe power of the ſoule
Should be coop'd vp in faſhioning ſome roule!

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But ô, *Suſſemus*,(that dooth hugge,imbrace
His propper ſelfe,admires his owne ſweet face,
Prayſeth his owne faire limmes proportion,
Kiſſeth his ſhade,recounteth all alone
His owne good parts) who enuies him? not I,
For well he may, without all riualrie.
Fie,whether's fled my ſprights alacritie?
How dull I vent this humorous poeſie.
In faith I am ſad,I am poſſeſt with ruth,
To ſee the vainenes of faire e *Albions* youth;
To ſee their richeſt time euen wholy ſpent
In that which is but Gentries ornament.
Which being meanly done, becomes them well,
But when with deere times loſſe they doe excell,
How ill they doe things well. To daunce & ſing,
To vault,to fence,& fairely trot a ring
With good grace, meanely done. O what repute
They doe beget, but being abſolute,

Humours.

It argues too much time, too much regard
Imploy'd in that which might be better ſpard,
Then ſubſtance ſhould be loſt. If one ſhould ſew
For *Leſbias* loue, hauing two dayes to woe
And not one more, & ſhould imploy thoſe twaine
The fauour of her wayting-wench to gaine,
Were he not mad? Your apprehenſion,
Your wits are quicke in application.

Gallants,

Me thinks your ſoules ſhould grudge, & inly ſcorne
To be made ſlaue, to humors that are borne
In ſlime of filthy ſenſuality.
That part not ſubiect to mortality
(Boundleſſe diſcurſiue apprehenſion
Giuing it wings to act his function)
Me thinks ſhold murmur, whē you ſtop his courſe,
And ſoile his beauties in ſome beaſtly ſource,

Of

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Of brutiſh pleaſures. But it is ſo poore,
So weake, ſo hunger bitten, euermore
Kept from his foode, meagar for want of meate,
Scorn'd and reiected, thruſt from out his ſeate,
Npbray'd by Capons greace, conſumed quite
By eating ſtewes, that waſte the better ſpright.
Snib'd by his baſer parts, that now poore *Soule*,
(Thus peſanted to each lewd thoughts controule)
Hath loſt all hart, bearing all iniuries,
The vtmoſt ſpight, and rank'ſt indignities
With forced willingnes. Taking great ioy,
If you will daine his faculties imploy
But in the mean'ſt ingenious quality.
(How proud he'le be of any dignity?)
Put it to muſick, dauncing, fencing ſchoole,
Lord how I laugh to heare the pretty foole
How it will prate, his tongue ſhall neuer lie,
But ſtill diſcourſe of his ſpruce qualitie;

Egging his maiſter to proceed from this,
And get the ſubſtance of celeſtiall bliſſe.
His Lord ſtraight calls his parliament of ſence,
But ſtill the ſenſuall haue preheminence.
The poore ſoules better part ſo feeble is,
So cold and dead is his *Syndereſis*,
That ſhadowes by odde chaunce ſomtimes are got,
But ô the ſubſtance is reſpected not.
Here ends my rage, though angry brow was ben
Yet I haue ſung in ſporting merriment.

FINIS.

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To euerlasting *Obliuion*.

THou mighty gulfe, insatiat cormorant,
Deride me not, though I seeme petulant
To fall into thy chops. Let others pray
For euer their faire Poems flourish may.
But as for mee, hungry *Obliuion*
Deuoure me quick, accept my orizon:
My earnest prayers, which doe importune thee,
With gloomy shade of thy still Emperie,
To vaile both me and my rude poesie,

To euerlasting Obliuion.

Farre worthier lines in ſilence of thy ſtate
Doe ſleepe ſecurely free from loue or hate,
From which this liuing, nere can be exempt,
But whilſt it breathes will hate and fury tempt.
Then cloſe his eyes with thy all-dimming hand,
Which not right glorious actions can with-ſtand.
Peace hatefull tongues, I now in ſilence pace,
Vnleſſe ſome hound doe wake me from my place,
I with this ſharpe, yet well meant poeſie,
Will ſleepe ſecure, right free from iniurie
Of cancred hate, or rankeſt villanie.

To

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To him that hath perused mee.

GEntle, or vngentle hand that holdeſt mee, let not thine eye be caſt vpon priuatnes, for I proteſt I glaunce not on it. If thou haſt peruſed mee, what leſſer fauour canſt thou graunt then not to abuſe me with vniuſt application? Yet I feare mee, I ſhall be much, much, iniuried by two ſorts of readers: the one being ignorant, not knowing the nature of a Satyre, (which is vnder fained priuate names, to note generall vices,) vvill needes wreſt each fayned name to a priuate vnfained perſon. The other too ſubtile, bearing a priuate malice to ſome greater perſonage then hee dare in his ovvne perſon ſeeme to malingne, will ſtriue by a forced application of my generall reproofes to broach his priuate hatred. Then the

To the Peruſer.

which I know not a greater iniury can be offered to a Satyriſt. I durſt preſume, knew they how guiltleſſe, and how free I were from prying into priuatnes, they would bluſh to thinke, hovv much they wrong themſelues in ſeeking to iniure mee. Let this proteſtation ſatisfie our curious ſearchers. So may I obtayne my beſt hopes, as I am free from endeuouring to blaſt any priuate mans good name. If any one (forced with his owne guilt) will turne it home and ſay *Tis I*, I cannot hinder him. Neyther doe I iniure him. For other faults of Poeſie, I craue no pardon, in that I ſcorne all pennance the bittereſt cenſurer can impoſe vpon mee. Thus (wiſhing each man to leaue enquiring who I am, and learne to know himſelfe,) I take a ſolemne congee of this fuſty world.

Theriomaſtix.

Finis

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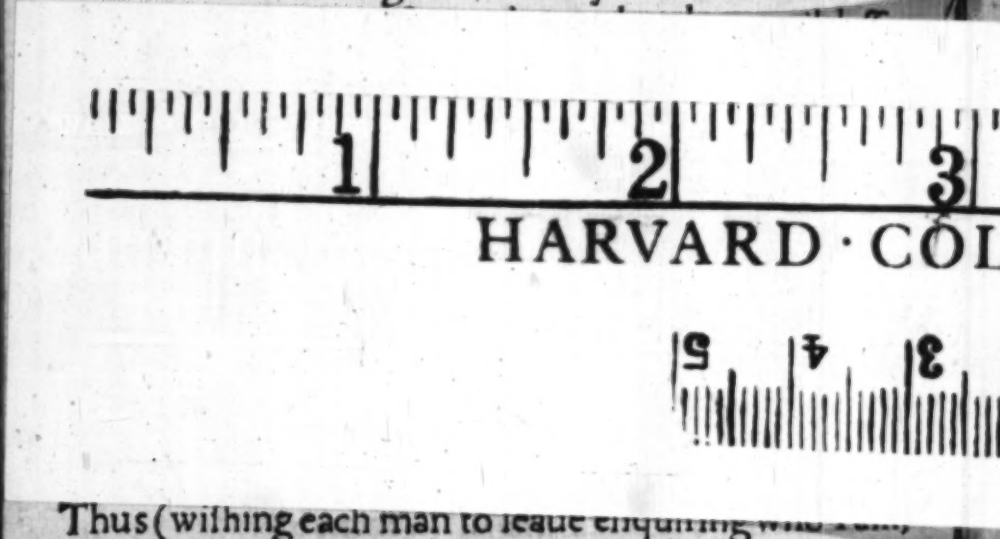
To the Peruſer.

which I know not a greater iniury can be offered to a



Thus (wiſhing each man to leaue enquiring [illegible]
and learne to know himſelfe,) I take a ſolemne congee
of this fuſty world.

Theriomaſtix.

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